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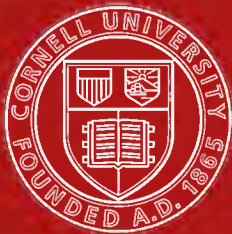
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SHAKSPERE'S  
SONNETS.

*THE FIRST QUARTO,*  
1609,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

(FROM THE COPY IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM)

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS

PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ETC., ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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## INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. PROFESSOR DOWDEN, in his admirable *Shakspeare Primer*, expresses the opinion that "The Sonnets of Shakspeare suggest, perhaps, the most difficult questions in Shaksperian criticism." With respect to the text, however, though there are a few places which may exercise the ingenuity of the critic, the difficulties are small compared with those of several other of Shakspeare's works. Passing from the criticism of the text to its interpretation, we may find a considerable number of lines and passages involved in more or less of obscurity, and some portion of these will be discussed in the sequel. But there are certain problems especially characteristic of the Sonnets, and more particularly those relating to the persons with whom they are mainly concerned, which have very lately acquired a new aspect. Enigmas which, but a short time since, appeared well-nigh hopeless and impracticable, can now be solved with certainty or with reasonable probability. And this has resulted in no unimportant measure from the more easy access to the national records which is now given by their publication either wholly or in part, and from the greater readiness with which information concerning documents in private collections can be obtained through the labours of the Historical Manuscripts Commission.<sup>1</sup>

§ 2. The Dedication prefixed to the First Edition of the Sonnets has at the end the initials T. T. As to the person intended by these initials there need be no difficulty, for, under the date of May 20 in the year 1609, there occurs in the Stationers' Register the following entry:—

"**Thomas Thorpe** Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of master **WILSON** and master **LOWNES** Warden, a Booke called **SHAKESPEARES sonnettes vj<sup>d</sup>.**"<sup>2</sup>

"T. T.," therefore, was Thomas Thorpe, who was thus "the well-wishing adventvrer in setting forth." The words "ovr ever-living poet" can refer to no other than the author of the Sonnets.

<sup>1</sup> With regard to this last particular, especial thanks are due to the Marquis of Salisbury, for the liberality with which information concerning letters at Hatfield has been repeatedly granted.

<sup>2</sup> Arber's *Transcript*, vol. iii., 183 b.

Some explanation must, however, be given of "the onlie begetter," a description with regard to which there has been considerable difference of opinion. "Begetter" has been taken as indicating the person who procured or collected the Sonnets and placed them in the hands of Thorpe. But it is clear from the Dedication that the poet had promised eternity to the "onlie begetter." It thus appears the only reasonable and probable conclusion that the "onlie begetter" must be identified with the beautiful youth to whom the poet promises that his memory shall endure so long as the world shall last (LV. *al.*). This, however, does not settle the meaning of the word "begetter," since, from Thorpe's point of view, the chief merit of the youth may have been that he procured the poems for publication. There is, however, one of the Sonnets which goes a good way towards settling the sense in which the word "begetter" should be taken. The Sonnet is XXXVIII., of which the last ten lines may be quoted :—

"Oh giue thy selfe the thanks if ought in me  
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,  
 For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee  
 When thou thy selfe dost give inuention light?  
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
 Then those old nine which rimers inuocate,  
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
 Eternal numbers to out-lieue long date.  
 If my slight Muse doe please these curious daies,  
 The paine be mine, but thine shall be the praise."

Here the beautiful youth appears as the inspirer of the poet's verses; and whoever obtains this inspiration is to "*bring forth* eternal numbers to out-lieue long date." The use of the expression "bring forth" may be regarded as pretty certainly fixing the sense of the word "begetter." And it is worthy of notice here that the two last lines give something more than a hint of future publication. Clearly these Sonnets were not intended solely for the eye of the person to whom they were first addressed. "These insuing Sonnets" may be used of the larger part of the collection immediately following the Dedication, and may disregard the last twenty-eight, together with the *Louer's complaint*.<sup>1</sup>

The Dedication may have been suggested generally to Thorpe by Shakspeare, but on this it is not possible to speak quite decidedly.

§ 3. But who was "Mr W. H."? Only one answer of any probability has been given to this question, and that answer identifies

<sup>1</sup> Mr P. A. Daniel has suggested that "onlie" may be used in the sense of "chief." Such a sense would not be unprecedented, and it would suit the facts very well.



Mr W. H. with William Herbert, who became Earl of Pembroke on the death of his father in January, 1601 (according to our reckoning).<sup>1</sup> To him, together with his brother Philip, "the most noble and incomparable paire of brethren," was dedicated, by Shakspeare's friends and fellows, the First Folio in 1623. The personal acquaintance of these noblemen with Shakspeare is clearly implied when it is said that they had "prosequuted" both the Plays, "and their Authour living, with so much fauour." That "Mr W. H." should thus be William Herbert, is a suggestion which lies so ready to hand that it is almost surprising that no one should seem to have thought of it before the days of Bright (1819) and Boaden (1832). William Herbert was born on April 8, 1580, and thus completed his eighteenth year in 1598. It was in the spring of this year that, according to Rowland Whyte (*Sidney Papers*, vol. ii. p. 43), William Herbert was to commence residing permanently in London. A fact of great importance in relation to the Sonnets was discovered last year by the Rev. W. A. Harrison. There exists in the Record Office a correspondence from which it appears that in 1597 Herbert's parents had been engaged in negotiations for his marriage to Bridget Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, and granddaughter of the great Lord Burleigh. The marriage did not come off. Perhaps at the last moment, or nearly so, Herbert showed unwillingness (cf. Sonnet XL., line 8). Thus the alleged improbability of Shakspeare's recommending marriage (Sonnets I. to XVII.) to a young man of about eighteen, which, as the sequel will show, would be William Herbert's age at the time when these Sonnets were written, is altogether removed. On coming to London Herbert would live at Baynard's Castle, a place quite close to the Blackfriars Theatre; and there is at least a possibility that he might thus become acquainted with Shakspeare, though it is not unlikely that the Countess of Pembroke, William Herbert's mother, in her anxiety that her son should marry, may have suggested to Shakspeare the writing of the first seventeen Sonnets. That the Countess, with her love of poetry, should extend her patronage to Shakspeare is likely enough; and having regard to the fact that her husband the Earl was at the time suffering from serious disease, it may very well have occurred that Shakspeare had not been brought into personal contact with him.<sup>2</sup> This would give some explanation of the words of XIII., "You had a Father." But the words do not convey the meaning that Herbert's father

<sup>1</sup> Which is observed throughout this Introduction, when the exact date is known.

<sup>2</sup> In a letter to Lord Burghley from Wilton, Sept. 3, 1597, he states that he should be unable to attend Parliament, without extreme danger to his health. For this and W. H.'s projected marriage, see *State Papers, Dom.—Eliz.*, vol. cclxiv.

was dead, as some have thought. This sense here would be tame and out of place. Rather do they imply an exhortation to manly conduct, as in *Merry Wives*, Act III. sc. iv. l. 36, "Shee's comming; to her, Coz: O boy, *thou hadst a father*," a passage which Mr Harrison has very suitably compared. That Herbert, when he came to London, lacked his father's advice, is in accordance with what Rowland Whyte tells us (*Sidney Papers*, vol. ii. p. 144), "he greatly wants advise," and from this fact and his age it would not be unlikely that he would indulge in vicious excess, as is implied in Sonnets XCV. and XCVI. :—

"Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,  
Which for their habitation chose out thee," etc.

The rumours to which these last-cited Sonnets refer are in accordance with what Lord Clarendon says of Herbert in his *History of the Rebellion*, I. 123.

The close intimacy which had existed between Shakspeare and his friend seems to have been interrupted about the time that XCV. and XCVI. were written, and not to have been renewed till a prolonged interval had elapsed (cf. C. *sqq.*). In the year 1600, which we may see reason hereafter to place in this interval, there was a festivity at Blackfriars, at which William Herbert was present, on the occasion of the marriage of Lord Herbert (the Earl of Worcester's son) with Mrs Anne Russell, one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour. Of this celebration Whyte has left a description in the *Sidney Papers*, vol. ii. pp. 201, 203. The Queen honoured the festivities with her presence. Whyte makes conspicuous mention of a masque which was to be performed by eight ladies of the Court: Lady Dorothy Hastings Mrs Fitton, Mrs Carey, Mrs Onslow, Mrs Southwell, Mrs Elizabeth Russell, Mrs Darcy, and Lady Blanche Somerset. Mrs Fitton, who was leader in the performance, requires especial notice, both with regard to William Herbert and to the Sonnets.

By the death of his father on January 19 following (1601), William Herbert became Earl of Pembroke. Shortly afterwards he incurred the Queen's grave displeasure, for there is in the Record Office (*Domest.—Eliz.*, cclxxix) a letter of March 25 from Tobie Matthew to Dudley Carleton which states, "The Earle of Pembroke is committed to the Fleet: his cause is delivered of a boy who is dead." This somewhat enigmatical statement receives elucidation from the postscript to a letter addressed by Sir Robert Cecil to Sir George Carew (February 5), in which it is stated,—

"We have no news but that there is a misfortune befallen Mistress Fitton, for she is proved with child, and the Earl of Pembroke, being examined, con-

fesseth a fact [? = fault, crime<sup>1</sup>], but utterly renounceth all marriage. I fear they will both dwell in the Tower awhile, for the Queen hath vowed to send them thither." (*Calendar of Carew MSS.*, 1601-1603, p. 20.)

Herbert appears to have been imprisoned in the Fleet instead of the Tower; but he did not remain long in confinement, for there is in the British Museum (Lansd. MS. 88, leaf 23) a letter of May 8, from Herbert to Mr (or Sir) Michael Hicks, asking that the payment of a loan may be deferred:—

"Sr, If you will renue the bonds for that mony, that will be shortly due unto you from me, for six months longer, you shall haue yo<sup>r</sup> interest truly payd at the day, & the same security w<sup>ch</sup> you haue already, & besides you shall doe me a very extraordinarie kindnes w<sup>ch</sup> I will striue to deserue by euer being y<sup>r</sup> most affectionate friend,

"PEMBROKE."

"Whitehall this 8th of May."

Though he was at Whitehall, he had not regained the Queen's favour. In fact he does not seem to have recovered his position at Court till the accession of James. And there is at Hatfield an interesting letter written some six weeks later than that just quoted. The letter was written to Sir R. Cecil from Baynard's Castle on June 19, 1601, but was evidently designed to reach the Queen, and to procure for Herbert restoration to her favour. In it Pembroke says, alluding to his confinement in the Fleet,—

"I cannot beare telling of you that yet I endure a very grieuous Imprisonment, & so (though not in the world's misjudging opinion) yet in myself, I feele still the same or a wors punishment, for doe you account him a freeman that is restrained from coming where he most desires to be, & debar'd from enjoying that comfort in respect of which all other earthly joys seeme miseries, though he have a whole world els to walk in? In this vile case am I, whose miserable fortune it is, to be banished from the sight of her, in whose favor the ballance consisted of my misery or happines, & whose Incomparable beauty was the onely sonne of my little world, that alone had power to give it life and heate. Now judge you whether this be a bondage or no: for mine owne part, I protest I think my fortune as slavish as any mans that lives fettered in a galley. You have sayd you loved me, & I have often found it; but a greater testimony you can never show of it then to use your best means to ridd me out of this hell, & then shall I account you the restorer of that which was farre dearer unto me then my life."<sup>2</sup>

On a comparison with several of the Sonnets this letter displays some curious and striking analogies. Thus "the onely sonne of my little world" in the letter may be compared with XXXIII, line 9, "Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine." In the letter,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Winter's Tale*, Act III. sc. ii. lines 84, 85:—

"As you were past all shame,  
(Those of your *fact* are so) so past all truth."

<sup>2</sup> Communicated to the Rev. W. A. Harrison by Lord Salisbury's librarian, Mr R. T. Gunton, and discussed by me in the *Academy*, June 20, 1885.

the Queen is Pembroke's sun; for there appears no escape from the conclusion that Elizabeth is intended by the lady of "incomparable beauty."<sup>1</sup> In the Sonnet, Shakspeare's sun is Herbert, if he was the Mr W. H. to whom I. to CXXVI. were addressed. "The ballance of my misery or happines" may remind us of several lines in XCI. and XCII. (cf. XCI., lines 9 to 14; XCII., line 3 *sqq.*). The idea of "the world's misjudging opinion" finds expression in CXXI. (cf. also CXII.). But the most remarkable analogy and correspondence is with LVII. and LVIII. These Sonnets evidently refer to an interval of separation (probably brief; cf. "this sad Intrim," LVI.) and seeming estrangement between the poet and his friend, the latter being addressed in LVII. as "my soueraine," perhaps with something of irony. With reference to this interval the poet speaks of "the bitternesse of absence," and describes himself as "like a sad slaue." Instead of "the bitternesse of absence" we have in LVIII., line 6, "Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie," a very remarkable line, of which, having regard to the context, the only reasonable interpretation appears to be, that Shakspeare speaks of himself as imprisoned on account of the absence of his friend (who exercises his "liberty" to go where he pleases), and the unsatisfied and irrepressible longing which the poet feels. In the thirteenth line the poet describes his waiting as a "hell." Now, if we turn to the letter we may see, as I said, some remarkable resemblances. As Shakspeare was debarred of the presence and society of his friend, whom he speaks of as his "sovereign," so Pembroke is "debar'd from enjoying that comfort" which consisted in the presence and favour of the lady of "incomparable beauty," the Queen; and this again constitutes for Pembroke "a very grievous imprisonment," like the "imprison'd absence" of the line above quoted from LVIII. And as in LVII. and LVIII. the poet is a "slaue" who is surrendered to the will of another, so in the letter Pembroke protests that he thinks his "fortune as slavish as any mans that lives fettered in a galley." Then, as the poet's waiting is "hell," so Pembroke implores Cecil "to use your best means to ridd me out of this hell." Having regard to these various resemblances and analogies, the possibility may suggest itself, as it has suggested itself to Mr G. B. Shaw and myself, that the letter was really composed by Shakspeare. But if so, most likely it was written by the hand of Pembroke, whose handwriting could not indeed fail to be known to Cecil. His writing seems to have been remarkably clear writing, like that "fair writing" which Hamlet "labour'd much how to forget." Or, what is perhaps more likely, Pembroke

<sup>1</sup> So both Mr Harrison and Dr Furnivall, and the conclusion appears irresistible.

may have borrowed ideas from the Sonnets which he had received from Shakspeare. The words "my soueraine" in LVII., and the coincidence of circumstances, may have caused him to revert especially to LVII. and LVIII. But it is important to observe that, on either view, not only must Shakspeare have been closely associated with Pembroke, but, also, that the Sonnets just cited must have been written previously to the date of the letter, June 19, 1601. Even if Shakspeare composed the letter, no other conclusion seems so probable. And we may see directly other reasons for assenting to this conclusion.

In accordance with what has been said above, Pembroke did not regain the Queen's favour. The Marquis of Salisbury has in his possession other letters of Pembroke's to Cecil, which, though only dated at the end with the year 1601, would seem clearly to have been written subsequently to the letter of June 19. In these he speaks of the Queen's "wonted displeasure," and of England as "a country now most hateful to him of all others." After some vacillation, Elizabeth seems to have come to the determination that Pembroke shall "keep house in the country." This resolution was not improbably arrived at after the intervention of the Countess, Pembroke's mother, for there is a letter at Hatfield from her to the Queen, to whom the Countess offers thanks "for taking her son into her princely care."<sup>1</sup>

In the year 1660 (thirty years after Pembroke's death) was published a small volume of poems ascribed to Pembroke and Sir Benjamin Ruddier. Hallam has asserted (*Lit. of Europe*, Part III. chap. v. p. 56) that these poems furnish no illustration of the Sonnets. This statement, however true with regard to a good many of these poems (which either certainly or probably were not written by Pembroke), can scarcely be regarded as true with respect to one, the genuineness of which is attested by a MS. in the British Museum (Lansd. MS. 777, f. 73). The poem commences with the words, "Soules ioye, when I am gone." In this poem, as in Sonnet XXII., there is the idea of an exchange of hearts (cf. also LXII., lines 13, 14). Then, as in the Sonnets (XLIII., line 13) Shakspeare says that all days are "nights to see" till he sees his friend, so in the poem Pembroke speaks of absence as making "a constant night," while other nights "change to light." The poem, moreover, speaks of the kissing of souls, and of lovers finding another way to meet "but by their feet." With this XXVII. may be compared. Such resemblances are at least worthy of consideration in conjunction with other evidence, even if it be objected that they may be found also

<sup>1</sup> From a communication made to me last year (1884) by Lord Salisbury's librarian, Mr R. T. Gunton.

elsewhere either wholly or in part. At least they may suffice to set aside the assertion of Hallam.

In other respects, as with regard to great wealth, high rank, and liberal bounty, a comparison of what is known with regard to William Herbert with the portraiture in the Sonnets (cf. XXXVI., XXXVII., LIII., lines 9 to 11) need suggest no difficulty. And though no portrait of Herbert at an early age has been discovered, representations of his appearance in later life may be regarded as quite in harmony with what is said in III. of his reflecting and recalling his mother's beauty in "the louely Aprill of her prime." The designation of William Herbert as "Mr W. H." in 1609, when he had been Earl of Pembroke for eight years, would not have been unprecedented even if most of the Sonnets I. to CXXVI. had not been written before he had gained his title. But here the very important question of the Chronology of the Sonnets requires more particular consideration.

§ 4. In treating of the chronological question a convenient division into four parts may be made: the first concerned with some historical allusions presented in the Sonnets; the second with indications of time furnished by the *Passionate Pilgrim*; the third with other indications connected with Meres's *Palladis Tamia*; and the fourth relating to the three years' space mentioned in CIV.

In CVII. and CXXIV. there are historical allusions of very great importance. Mr Gerald Massey<sup>1</sup> maintained that Queen Elizabeth's death is alluded to in CVII., line 5,

"The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'de."

And Professor Minto has repeated the assertion.<sup>2</sup> That "the mortall Moone" is here used as a poetical designation of the Queen may be readily admitted. With the Elizabethan poets the Queen was Cynthia, goddess of the shining orb.<sup>3</sup> An allusion to

<sup>1</sup> *The Secret Drama of Shakspeare's Sonnets*, 2nd Edit., p. 312.

<sup>2</sup> *Characteristics of English Poets*, p. 276.

<sup>3</sup> A very good example, to which my attention was directed by Mr Harrison, is furnished by the ode "Of Cynthia," which stands last in Francis Davison's *Poetical Rapsody* (1602). The concluding stanza is,—

"Times yong howres attend her still,  
And her Eyes and Cheekes do fill,  
With fresh youth and beautie.  
All her loners olde do grow,  
But their hartes they do not so  
In their Loue and duty."

Then follows the note:—"This Song was sung before her sacred Maiestie at a shew on horsebacke wherewith the right Honorable the Earle of Cumberland presented her Highnesse on Maie day last."

her death, however, would not comport with the general drift and aim of the Sonnet. Notwithstanding his own fears and the forebodings of the prophetic soul of the world, the poet's love for his friend shall not be "forfeit to a confin'd doome." On the contrary, it is destined ever to endure, limited by no terminable lease. The scope of the Sonnet shows that the emphasis is on the last word, "indur'de." As Dowden justly observes, "The moon is imagined as having endured her eclipse, and come out none the less bright."<sup>1</sup> We may, however, without much difficulty find in the last years of Elizabeth's reign an event which could be spoken of as a threatening eclipse from which the Queen had come forth with her glory undimmed, and that event was the Rebellion of Essex. Within a week of the abortive attempt to call out the citizens of London to arms, Secretary Cecil, according to a document in the Record Office, delivered himself to the following effect:—

"As the declining of the Sun brings generall darkness, so her Maiesties hurt is our continuall night; and although the one by course of Nature may be renewed, yet the other will hardly be matched in any future age; how odious then ought they to be in the eye of all good subjects that have sought the utter ruine of so blessed a soueraine!" (*State Papers, Domest.—Elix., cclxxviii*).<sup>2</sup>

What is said in the Sonnet of "the sad augurs mocking their owne presage" would aptly represent the feelings of those who had predicted the success of Essex. And in the lines,

"Incertenties now crowne them-selues assur'de  
And peace proclaimes Oliues of endlesse age,"

there is probably an allusion to the embassy sent by James to congratulate the Queen on the suppression of the Rebellion, the "incertainties" alluding to the previously doubtful attitude of James. But now, instead of civil war, terms of "inviolable unity and concord" had been ratified between the two monarchs.<sup>3</sup> What is said in the ninth line of "the drops of this most balme time" probably points to the Sonnet being written in the spring or early summer of 1601, the year of the Rebellion. In Sonnet CXXIV. there are other allusions entirely in accordance with those just cited. The poet declares that his love for his friend is not "the childe of state," an expression suitable to the supposition that

<sup>1</sup> Dowden's Edition of the *Sonnets*, note *ad loc.*

<sup>2</sup> What Shakspeare says about the "eclipse of the mortal moon" may be advantageously compared also with the following extract from a letter of Bacon's written to the Queen prior to the Rebellion:—"The devices of some that would put out all your Majesty's lights, and fall on reckoning how many years you have reigned, which I beseech our blessed Saviour may be doubled, and that I may never live to see any eclipse of your glory" (*Speddings' Bacon*, vol. ix. p. 160).

<sup>3</sup> Camden, *Life and Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. ii. p. 338.

he is alluding to Essex and to the dignities which that nobleman had received. In the seventh and eighth lines he speaks of

“ thralld discontent,  
Whereto th' inuiting time our fashion calls.”

Here, obviously, he is alluding to contemporary circumstances. “Thralld discontent” suits perfectly the state of things after the Rebellion, if we regard the word “thralld” as describing the severe measures by which discontent had been kept in restraint. This discontent, however, found expression in the turbulent Parliament which assembled in the autumn of 1601, and which was the last in the reign. But the most important allusions are contained in lines 13 and 14:—

“ To this I witnes call the foles (fools) of time,  
Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime.”

The “fools of Time” are those whom Time does what he pleases with, now raising them to the highest dignities, and now bringing them down to the scaffold.<sup>1</sup> The conspiracy and rebellion are evidently referred to in the “living for crime,” while in the “dying for goodness” we may recognize with equal facility an ironical allusion to the popular estimation of Essex, after his execution, as the “good earl.” In this hundred and twenty-fourth Sonnet, too, we notice the words “heat” and “showres” agreeing with what is said in CVII. of “the drops of this most balmie time,” and in similar accordance with the conclusion that the time of writing was the spring or early summer of 1601.

The *Passionate Pilgrim* was published in 1599 with the name of Shakspeare on the title-page. It has at the beginning two Sonnets agreeing in the main with CXXXVIII. and CXLIV., but differing in details. Of these Sonnets the second is the more important with regard to the chronology. This Sonnet relates to an intimacy formed between the poet's “two lounes,” a “woman collour'd ill” and a “man right faire.” The “man right faire” is obviously the beautiful youth celebrated in the series of Sonnets I. to CXXVI. He is spoken of as an “angell”; and this accords with the amiability and goodness ascribed to him in the series just mentioned. There can be no reasonable doubt, moreover, that it is the same intimacy which is alluded to in XL. and in other Sonnets preceding and following. Thus it must be concluded that the friendship between

<sup>1</sup> Cf. CXVI., line 9, “Lou's not Times foole,” and *Meas. for Meas.*, Act III. sc. i. line 11, “Meerely thou art deaths foole,” Death having it all his own way, and being merely amused by abortive efforts to escape. Cf. also *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. sc. i. l. 132, “O! I am Fortunes foole.”



the youth and Shakspeare already existed when in 1599 the *Passionate Pilgrim* was published. There is no reason, however, to conclude that it had been of long duration. That the friendship had in fact existed but a short time when the intimacy between the youth and the lady occurred, may be gathered from XXXIII and the two following Sonnets. In XXXIII, the effect of the intimacy on the youth's relations with Shakspeare is described. The sun which had been shining brightly was hidden by a cloud. It is particularly to be noticed, however, that the sun is *the morning sun*; and this accords with what the poet says, that his friend had been his but for "one hour" (XXXIII., line 11). The friendship with Shakspeare, it must therefore be inferred, had existed but a short time when the intimacy between the youth and the lady was formed; and possibly the friendship may not have existed many months when the *Passionate Pilgrim* was published.

Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury*, which was registered on September 9, 1598, mentions several of Shakspeare's other works, and also his "sugred sonnets among his priuate friends." It is of course *possible* that Meres may refer to other Sonnets of Shakspeare's which are now unknown; but, most probably, he refers to a part of our existing collection. There are nevertheless strong reasons for the belief that Shakspeare wrote Sonnet LV. after he had seen Meres's book. Malone remarked that this Sonnet shows a resemblance to the last ode of Horace's third book, "Exegi monumentum," etc. Whether Shakspeare possessed any extensive knowledge of Latin, or had read Horace, are questions which we need not now consider. What is important to observe is, that after the publication of Meres's book, Shakspeare could scarcely fail to have his attention directed very particularly to the commencement of the ode just cited, since Meres employed it in a prophecy of literary immortality for Shakspeare himself and for other distinguished contemporaries. Having quoted from Horace's ode and from Ovid ("Jamque opus exegi," etc.), Meres continues, "So say I seuerally of Sir Philip Sidneyes, Spencers, Daniels, Draytons, Shakespeares and Warners workes

'Non Iouis ira, imbres, Mars, ferrum, flamma, senectus,  
Hoc opus unda, lues, turbo, venena ruent.'

Et quanquam ad pulcherrimum hoc opus euertendum tres illi Dii conspirabunt, Cronus, Vulcanus, et pater ipse gentis;—

'Non tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec ensis,  
Æternum potuit hoc abolere Decus.'—Foll. 282, 283."

That Meres was personally known to Shakspeare may be easily inferred, but, apart from this, the award of immortality could scarcely

fail to be brought under Shakspeare's notice. And as evidence that he did in fact become acquainted with the book, I would direct more particular attention to the seventh line of LV.—

“Nor Mars his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne.”

Here we can readily see the agreement with Meres's “Non . . . Mars ferrum, flamma.” This conclusion is greatly strengthened by the incongruity of Shakspeare's line, the verb “shall burne” suiting only “warres quick fire,” and not the preceding “Mars his sword.” On reflection it is not difficult to see that the collocation of words in Shakspeare's line may be accounted for if he borrowed at once from Meres the words “Mars, sword, fire,” or the ideas which they represent. And it is noteworthy that the elements of the line in the Sonnet just alluded to are not to be found in combination elsewhere in Shakspeare, nor is the sword of Mars elsewhere mentioned. Then Shakspeare's “all oblivious enmity” finds an explanation in the numerous influences tending to produce oblivion mentioned by Meres. But the “enmity,” the “ouerturning statues,” and “broils rooting out the worke of masonry” may very well have been suggested to Shakspeare by Meres's supposition of a conspiracy on the part of the three deities “ad pulcherrimum hoc opus euer-tendum.” On the whole, that the language of LV. was suggested by the passage cited from Meres seems beyond reasonable doubt. It must be maintained then that this Sonnet was composed after the registration of Meres's book in September 1598.<sup>1</sup> But how long after? In LVI., which was written most probably about the same time as LV., we find the words “two contracted *new*,” relating apparently to the poet and his friend. The friendship would thus be a new friendship. But, as already shown, the friendship must have existed some short time when the *Passionate Pilgrim* was published in 1599. It may appear therefore not unreasonable to place the composition of LV. late in 1598, or possibly early in 1599.

Evidence has been already adduced tending to show that both CVII. and CXXIV. were written in the spring or early summer of 1601. Having regard to this evidence and to the fact that throughout the Sonnets C. to CXXVI. there appears to be repeated allusion to a time of separation and estrangement as though only lately terminated, it must be regarded as probable that the whole of these sonnets, C. to CXXVI., were written about the same time, that is, the spring or early summer of 1601. It will follow then from CIV. that at this time three years had elapsed since Shakspeare first made the acquaintance of his young friend,—

<sup>1</sup> This was first suggested by me in the *Athenaeum*, Sept. 11, 1880.

"Three Winters colde  
 Haue from the forrests shooke three summers pride  
 Three beautilous springs to yellow Autumne turn'd  
 In processe of the seasons haue I seene  
 Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd  
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are Greene."

Reckoning from the spring of 1601, we come to the spring of 1598. And in the quotation just made special prominence is given to the vernal season. "Three beautilous Springs" had been changed to "yellow Autumne," and "three Aprill perfumes" burned in "three hot Iunes." These indications bring us to the conclusion that the acquaintance commenced not later than the April of 1598. Such a date would allow a sufficient time to intervene before the publication of the *Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599, and would not be inconsistent with the friendship being still spoken of as new when Sonnets LV. and LVI. were written, if we place their composition late in 1598 or early in 1599.

And here we must observe that the spring of 1598 was precisely the time fixed upon for William Herbert to begin residing in London. Then as to the friendship with Shakspeare being renewed, and sonnets C. to CXXVI. written, in the spring or early summer of 1601, we may notice that this was a remarkable period in Herbert's career. He had just lately been released from his imprisonment on account of the affair with Mrs Fitton, but had not recovered the Queen's favour. These disturbing circumstances might cause his mind to revert to Shakspeare, and very possibly, also, might awaken the great poet's sympathy. It is also by no means unlikely, as may be seen directly, that the renewal of the friendship was to some extent connected with the particular lady just mentioned, Mrs Mary Fitton. It will be seen, too, that there is a perfect harmony between other chronological indications and the letter of June 19, 1601 (quoted above, p. vii), with its links to the Sonnets. But why should Shakspeare bring the series of Sonnets to so definite a close as he appears certainly to do in CXXVI.? The correspondence at Hatfield may supply a probable answer. In the summer of 1601, if the Queen's favour could not be recovered, Herbert was intending to go abroad, if possible. In expectation of such foreign travel for an undefined period Shakspeare might very well consider it suitable to bring the series of Sonnets to a conclusion.

The dates of perhaps most of the Sonnets of the second series, CXXVII. to CLII., cannot be determined with equal definiteness.

§ 5. I have spoken above of the allusions in CXXIV. to the death of Essex, and to circumstances connected therewith. But as Shakspeare's former patron, the Earl of Southampton, was connected with

the conspiracy, and was in consequence suffering imprisonment, it would not be unreasonable to look also for some allusion to Southampton. Besides, it was not unlikely that there would be persons willing enough to remind Shakspeare of his former relations to Southampton, and of the "love without end" which he had proffered to that nobleman in the widely-circulated Dedication to *Lucrece*. Such persons would probably hint that Shakspeare had not "a true soul," when he expressed his detestation of Essex and his fellow-conspirators, and talked of their "living for crime." Thus the words "informer" and "a true soul" in the last line but one of CXXV. admit of easy explanation:—

"Hence, thou subbornd Informer, a trew soule,  
When most impeacht, stands leaſt in thy controule."

And what precedes (expressed with Shakspeare's usual love of metaphor) is in complete accordance with the conclusion that there had been a breach between Shakspeare and his former patron:—

"Wer't ought to me I bore the canopy,  
With my extern the outward honoring,  
Or laid great bases for eternity,  
Which proves more ſhort than waſt or ruining?"

Shakspeare, however, thus implicitly denies that he had been unfaithful. He had merely "borne the canopy," honouring "the outward" with his "extern." Though he had proffered "love without end," Southampton had never really admitted him to his intimacy. He had never been "obsequious" in Southampton's "heart" (ninth line). And the same thing is implied in what precedes concerning the mere "gazing" of the "dwellers on forme and favour."<sup>1</sup> As to the "eternity which proves more short than waste or ruining," we should recollect that only seven years had elapsed since the Dedication to *Lucrece* was published. And as to the plural "great bases," there is very probably an allusion to the *two* poems dedicated to Southampton.

§ 6. In LXXXVI. and some preceding Sonnets there is reference to a poet whom Shakspeare evidently regarded as a rival with respect to the favour of the youthful patron to whom Sonnets I. to CXXVI. were addressed. The patron we may now identify with William Herbert. To Prof. Minto is due the identification of the rival-poet with George Chapman, an identification sufficiently complete to leave no reasonable doubt on the matter.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The warrant I haue of your Honourable diſpoſition" (Ded. to *Lucr.*) implies no intimacy.

<sup>2</sup> *Characteriſtics of English Poets*, p. 289 *ſqq.* Various names of Elizabethan poets had been previously ſuggeſted without any probable caſe being made out. But theſe feeble attempts have been far outdone by a critic in *Blackwood's*

This identification will be found also to agree completely with the chronological results we have previously attained. Prof. Minto justly contends that the eighty-sixth Sonnet gives sufficient materials for determining the question:—

"Was it the proud full saile of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of (all to [too] precious) you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearse,  
Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?  
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Aboue a mortall pitch, that struck me dead?  
No, neither he, nor his compiers by night  
Giuing him ayde, my verse astonished.  
He nor that affable familiar ghost  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence  
As victors of my silence cannot boast,  
I was not sick of any feare from thence.  
But when your countenance fild vp his line,  
Then lackt I matter, that infeebl'd mine."

In 1594 Chapman "published," says Prof. Minto, "a poem called *The Shadow of Night*, which goes far to establish his identity with Shakespeare's rival. In the Dedication, after animadverting severely on vulgar searchers after knowledge, he exclaims—'Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so mightily pierced with their loves that she should prostitutely show them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others *but with invocation, fasting, watching, yea, not without having drops of their souls like a heavenly familiar.*'"

With the last words of this quotation should be compared Shakspeare's line,—

"He, nor that affable familiar ghost."

Then as to the "compiers by night" and the being "nightly gulled with intelligence," these expressions are pretty clearly connected with Chapman's consecration of himself to Night:—

"To thy blacke shades and desolation  
I consecrate my life;"

and his invitation to his "compiers":—

"All you possesst with indepressed spirits,  
Indu'd with nimble and aspiring wits,  
Come consecrate with me to sacred Night  
Your whole endeuours, and detest the light:"

"No pen can any thing eternall wright  
That is not steept in humor of the Night."

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*Magazine*, June 1884 and 1885. According to this writer the great poet is influenced by no vulgar rivalry, and it is slander to find traces of irregular passions. No: Shakspeare is looking down the centuries to the shade of the mighty Dante and his immortal Beatrice! Can the madness of so-called Shaksperian criticism go farther? Miss Delia Bacon is left far behind, and even the very sagacious American who found out that Hamlet is a woman must give up his laurels.

Then as to "the proud full saile of his great verse," this language is entirely suitable to that grand fourteen-syllable metre in which Chapman wrote his translation of Homer. Moreover, the date when seven books of Chapman's *Iliad* were first published, 1598, is especially noteworthy. The Sonnets C. to CXXVI. we have placed in 1601. From C. and following Sonnets it appears that a considerable interval had elapsed since the composition of the larger number of Sonnets I. to XCIX., and since Shakspeare had had personal relations with his friend. It appears, moreover, from CII.,—

"Our loue was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my laies,  
As Philomell in summers front doth singe,  
And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies,"

that the earlier Sonnets had followed each other rapidly. We have placed LV. and LVI. late in 1598 or early in 1599. Later in the latter year would be a reasonable date for LXXVIII. to LXXXVI. ; and LXXXVII. to XCVI. may be placed still later in 1599. This would leave a sufficient interval for the "so long" of C., placing this Sonnet in the spring or early summer of 1601.<sup>1</sup> But supposing the Sonnets concerned with the rival-poet to have been written in 1599, Chapman's *Seaven Iliades* would have been then a new book, and so would be likely to attract the notice of Herbert, and excite his interest in Chapman. Shakspeare's apprehensions can scarcely be looked upon as quite unreasonable, especially if we recollect what Keats tells us in his well-known Sonnet of the effect produced on himself by a first acquaintance with Chapman's *Homer*.

§ 7. As the first series of Sonnets, I. to CXXVI., is concerned with a youthful male friend of the poet's, a friend whom we have identified with William Herbert, so the second series (CXXVII. to CLII., excepting perhaps CXXIX. and CXLVI.) is concerned with a certain dark lady between whom and Shakspeare there evidently subsisted relations of very close intimacy. This lady was destitute of the features of beauty most highly prized in Elizabethan times (cf. CXXX.). The poet could note in her "a thousand errors" (CXLI.). She had not even, so it would seem, the great charm of a soft and melodious voice:—

"I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know,  
That Musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound" (CXXX.).

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<sup>1</sup> The position of XCVII. to XCIX. is doubtful. Most probably they were written during the period of separation, but without evoking an answer from Herbert, or the renewal of the friendship. Herbert most likely was too much occupied with other matters. Shakspeare in C. to CXXVI. takes on himself all the blame of the separation, but we must beware of attaching too much importance to this. Cf. the beginning of XC., XCII., XCIII.

She was, moreover, of blemished character. She could not be satisfied with the attentions of the poet, though professing fidelity to him (CXXXVII., CXXXVIII., CLII.). Yet to Shakspeare her fascination was irresistible. Even the blackness of her deeds (CXXXI.) did not suffice to repel him. His eyes and his reason were alike overpowered, and he became mad with love:—

“My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,  
At random from the truth vainly exprest ;  
For I haue sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,  
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night” (CXLVII.).

What then gave the dark lady this power over the poet's heart? He himself asks the question:—

“Oh from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,  
With insufficiency my heart to sway?” (CL.)

To this question some answer is furnished by the repeated mention of the lady's raven-black, quick-glancing eyes (CXXXVII., CXXXIX.). Then it would appear that Shakspeare loved music; and the lady was skilled in touching the virginal. He was spell-bound, as her “sweet fingers” “gently swayed the wiry concord,” and as he saw the “jacks” dance and leap beneath her hands (CXXVIII.). She was a woman of quick wit, displaying such tact and “warrantise of skill” (CL.), that she was able not only to ensnare the other sex, but also to secure and retain the prize she had won. The facts would accord very well with her being of superior social rank.<sup>1</sup> But if this is the case, the question may suggest itself whether possibly she may not be identified with Mrs Mary Fitton, previously alluded to. If William Herbert is the “Mr W. H.” of the Dedication, he must have had amatory relations with both the dark lady and Mrs Fitton. This fact may make it credible that the one is to be identified with the other. It is not unimportant, also, to observe that, apparently, the dark lady did not reside with Shakspeare. If CXXXIV. is to be taken as resting on a basis of fact, it would seem that it was on some business of Shakspeare's that his friend had first gone to the lady. And that she was not living with the poet at the time to which CXLIV. refers comes out clearly:—

“But being both from me, both to each friend,  
I gesse one angel in an others hel.  
Yet this shal I nere know, but liue in doubt  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.”

And, as Mrs Fitton was one of the Queen's maids of honour, we can easily understand this fact if the reference is to her. The known characteristics of Mrs Fitton agree exceedingly well with

<sup>1</sup> Notice “the tender inward of thy hand” (CXXXVIII., line 6).

those of the dark lady. Shakspeare's friend—that is, according to our previous identification, William Herbert—was wooed by the dark lady (XLI., CXLIII., CXLIV.); and when he had been committed to the Fleet, Tobie Matthew says that Mrs Fitton had been "his cause." The dark lady, too, was Shakspeare's "cause" of error, for he tells her in CLI. that it would be unwise for her to say anything about his "amiss" (an "amiss" presumably resulting from his having a wife at Stratford-on-Avon; cf. CLII., line 1), lest he should be tempted to show that her "sweet self" was guilty of his fault. Both the dark lady and Mrs Fitton appear to have possessed great strength of character. The dark lady has been regarded as the original of Shakspeare's Cleopatra. And as to her resemblance in this respect with Mrs Fitton, there is in the Record Office (*Domestic-Addenda, Elizabeth*, vol. xxxiv.) a remarkable document which mentions Mrs Fitton. The document is without date or signature, but its probable date may be given as October 1602, a date marked upon it in pencil. It states,—

"One Mrs Martin, who dwelt at the Chopinge Knife near Ludgate, tould me y<sup>t</sup> she hath seene preists mary gentlewomen at the Courte in the tyme when that Mrs. Fytton was in great favour, and one of her Maiesties maids of honor, and during the tyme y<sup>t</sup> the Earle of Pembroke favord her she would put off her head tire and tucke vpp her clothes, and take a large white cloake, and marche as though she had bene a man to meete the said Earle out of the Courte."

Then it is she, according to Whyte, who takes the lead in the masque and dance at Blackfriars already mentioned (p. vi). She it is who asks Elizabeth to dance, and who tells the Queen that her name is "Affection," to which the Queen replies, "Affection is false,"—a reply which may or may not have had a serious meaning (but cf. CXXXVIII., lines 1, 2, 7; CLII., line 2). Moreover, there is in Sonnet CLI. what would be consistent with an allusion to Mrs Fitton's rank ("Proud of this pride"), and even to her name, which, in Elizabethan English, might be taken as equivalent to "fit one" (ninth line).<sup>1</sup>

But, it may be asked, even though Shakspeare may have played before the Court, is it probable that one of the Queen's maids of honour would have formed a *liaison* with a person in the low social rank of an actor? A partial answer to this question is furnished by a fact to which the Rev. W. A. Harrison has lately called attention (*Academy*, July 5, 1884). In 1600, William Kemp, the clown in

<sup>1</sup> There is at Gawsworth in Cheshire, the former abode of the Fittons, a monument erected by the Lady Anne Fitton, Mrs Mary Fitton's sister-in-law. The inscription concludes with the lines,—

"Their soules and body's beauties sentence them  
FITTONS, to wear the heavenly diadem."

(Ormerod's *Cheshire*, vol. ii. p. 295.)



Shakspere's company, dedicated his *Nine daies wonder* to "Mistris Anne Fitton, Mayde of Honour to the most sacred Mayde, Royall Queene Elizabeth." The name of Anne, it can be decisively shown, was inserted by the mistake of some one. Elizabeth had certainly no maid of honour *Anne* Fitton in 1599 or 1600. The lady intended must have been the Mrs Mary Fitton with whom we are at present concerned; and Kemp addresses her in a remarkably familiar manner. This fact is very interesting and important with regard to the probability of Shakspere's intimate acquaintance with this lady.

That there is a close analogy between a part of *Love's Labour's Lost* (Act IV. sc. iii. l. 245 *sqq.*) and some lines in the Sonnets was long ago detected. Mr. Gerald Massey alluded to it, though without giving a satisfactory account of the fact (p. 362). Passing over some other resemblances, I may place together four lines from Sonnet CXXVII. and four lines from the play:—

"Therefore my Misterse eyes<sup>1</sup> are Rauen blacke,  
Her eyes so suted, and they mourners seeme,  
At such who not borne faire no beauty lack,  
Slandring Creation with a false esteeme" (CXXVII).

"O if in blacke my Ladyes browes be deckt,  
It mournes that painting [and] vsurping haire  
Should rauish dooters with a false aspect;  
And therefore is she borne to make blacke fayre."

*L. L. L.*, Act IV. sc. iii.

Hermann Isaac in the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch* published last year (1884), having in view the correspondences just referred to, asserts that the opinion "that the poet wrote the play a little after 1590, and then towards the end of the century took Sonnet CXXVII. therefrom, is quite inconceivable. The only natural explanation is, that he at a certain time was inspired with so passionate a devotion to his brunette lady-love, that he not only celebrated her in his Sonnets, but also introduced her into his play as Rosaline. . . . The passage in the play must have been written very soon after the Sonnet." Very probably the late Mr Spedding was in good measure right in his opinion that in the fourth act "nearly the whole of the close of the act, from Berowne's, 'Who sees the heavenly Rosaline'" (IV. iii. 218),<sup>2</sup> was introduced when, according to the title of the First Quarto, the play was "corrected and augmented." Now, since the title bears the date 1598, it may be reasonably concluded that the re-editing took place either in the year just named, or in that next preceding. Moreover, it is very important that the play is given "as it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas." "Her Highnes" was the Queen, who would see the play, accompanied

<sup>1</sup> "Hairs" is a conjectural reading instead of "eyes."

<sup>2</sup> See Furnivall's Forewords to *L. L. L.* in *Shakspere Quarto Facsimiles*.

by the ladies of the Court. Mrs Fitton would thus probably be one of the spectators; and if she was the lady celebrated in Sonnets CXXVII. to CLIII., it is not difficult to account for the remarkable agreement between the Sonnets and the Play. Shakspeare may have designed a special allusion to her in his description of Rosaline, just as, in what is said of the Princess, there are probably several things intended for the Queen, as, for example, the Princess being called "a gracious moon" (cf. CVII., line 5; and *supra*, p. x). But was Mrs Fitton a maid of honour in 1597, supposing Christmas of this year to be the date when *Love's Labour's Lost* was acted before the Queen? The Rev. W. A. Harrison, to whom this inquiry has been so often indebted, has discovered (MS. Harl. 1984, f. 146 b.) a pedigree with the entry,—

" Mary fitton  
Maid of honor  
to Queene Eliza,  
1595."

Mary Fitton was baptized at Gawsorth, June 24, 1578, so that we may take her age to have been seventeen in 1595.<sup>1</sup> She may thus very well have seen *Love's Labour's Lost* at the Christmas of 1597.

As to the blemished character of the dark lady, this agrees perfectly with what we know of Mrs Fitton. Last year (1884) the Rev. Frederick C. Fitton, late Rector of Laverstoke, Hants, in a communication which he sent to me shortly before his death, stated that he had in his possession a pedigree of the Fitton family, copied by his father (who was born in 1779) from a MS. by Ormerod, author of the *History of Cheshire*, containing the entry,—

"Capt. Lougher, 1st husband.	Mary Fitton, maid of honour, had one bastard by W <sup>m</sup> . E. of Pembroke, & two bastards by Sir Richard Leveson, Kt."	= Capt. Polwhele, 2nd husband.
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"Sir P. L.'s MSS." <sup>2</sup>

Ormerod did not print the words below "maid of honour," and for this it is not difficult to suggest a reason.

The approximate date of the marriage with Capt. or Mr Polwhele

<sup>1</sup> According to the version of CXXXVIII. in the *Passionate Pilgrim* (ninth line), the dark lady falsely declared herself to be young. But elsewhere, even in CXXX. and CL., there is no indication of her being other than young, which indeed seems implied in such expressions as "pretty rith," "pretty looks," "lips that Loue's own hand did make." And Shakspeare's pretending to be youthful also implies that the lady was young. It seems probable that Jaggard printed CXXXVIII. from an inaccurate copy. (Cf. some remarks by Dowden, *Introd. to Facsimile of Passionate Pilgrim*, p. vii.) It is possible, however, that some one may have altered the last six lines to conceal Mrs Fitton, who, in 1599, was in high favour at Court.

<sup>2</sup> "Sir P. L." is Sir Peter Leycester (1614—1678).

was 1607.<sup>1</sup> Was she married to Lougher in early youth, previous to 1595? This, in Elizabethan times, would have been far from unlikely; and documents in the possession of the Marquis of Salisbury contain statements which it seems difficult otherwise to account for. From a letter to Sir Robert Cecil from Sir Edward Fitton, Mrs Fitton's father, written January 29, 1599, compared with another letter of August 5, 1600, it appears that a sum of £1200, due to Sir Edward, probably for his services in Ireland, and assigned by him to his daughter as a marriage-portion ("her porçon") remained in the hands of the Irish Treasurer, Sir Henry Wallop, an objection being made to paying it over to Mrs Fitton on the ground that "a good discharge" could not be obtained. Fitton protests that a sufficient discharge had been given in accordance with the terms prescribed by Sir Henry Wallop. It would seem to be implied that there was some other person in the background who might afterwards, if the money were paid to Mrs Fitton, come forward and claim it. And it is difficult or impossible to make out who this other person could be, if it was not a previous husband of Mrs Fitton's. If so, most likely the marriage on some grounds, real or imaginary, had been made out to be illegal and null and void,<sup>2</sup> and Mrs Fitton had consequently re-assumed her maiden name. It may be added that what Mrs Martin says (*supra*, p. xx) of priests marrying gentlewomen at Court, apparently under the patronage of Mrs Fitton, would seem most consistent with the supposition that Mrs Fitton had herself been married. The question of Mrs Fitton's previous marriage is important with regard to CLII., line 2. And it is worthy of notice that though the dark lady had been married, there was apparently no probability of interference on the part of her husband.

On the whole it may be confidently maintained that there is, in favour of identifying the dark lady with Mrs Fitton, a weight of probable evidence far surpassing what has been previously adduced in favour of any other identification. And if Herbert had supplanted Shakspeare in the favour of Mrs Fitton, the consequent imprisonment in the Fleet and disgrace may have been not without effect in promoting the reconciliation to which C. to CXXXVI. relate.

§ 8. Two of the Sonnets (CXXXVIII. and CXLIV.) appeared, as already stated, in the *Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599. Ten years later, in 1609, appeared the Quarto edition of the Sonnets, with *A Lovers complaint* appended. The book was printed "At London by G.

<sup>1</sup> This is shown by evidence kindly communicated to the Rev. W. A. Harrison by Mr J. P. Earwaker, author of the *History of East Cheshire*.

<sup>2</sup> As to this matter, comparison may be made with what Sir R. Cecil says in his letter to Sir G. Carew of Sir E. More's son's marriage, and of "those courses which may be taken to prove the marriage unlawful" (*Calendar of Carew MSS.*).

Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by Iohn Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate, 1609." Or, instead of "Iohn Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate," is found "William Aspley." The book is printed fairly well, though not so accurately as was possible at the time. That Shakspere did not correct successive proofs is pretty evident, but it is not likely that in Elizabethan times this supervision on the part of the author was nearly so common as it is now. We cannot, therefore, infer anything from this fact as to whether the MS. of the Sonnets was or was not put in Thorpe's hands by Shakspere.

In 1640 was issued a volume described on the title-page as "Poems: written by Wil. Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, and are to be sold by Iohn Benson, dwelling in St Dunstons Church-yard. 1640." If called a second edition of the Sonnets, the volume can be so called only when the word "edition" is used with some freedom. In the first place, Sonnets XVIII., XIX., XLIII., LVI., LXXV., LXXVI., XCVI., and CXXVI. are omitted; and with respect to the rest, the order of the edition of 1609 is little regarded.<sup>1</sup> Why XVIII., XIX., etc. should have been excluded it is not quite easy to see. If it be said that the book was intended to convey the impression that the Sonnets were addressed to a woman, some of those just enumerated would not agree with this view. Still it must be remembered that others equally unsuitable had been admitted, as III., XVI., XXVI. Benson prefixed to the volume an address "To the Reader," which, if not remarkable for critical discernment, is nevertheless important as bearing testimony to the Sonnets being, on their first publication, less popular than the Plays.

§ 9. As to the criticism of the Text, the great *crux* is presented by the commencement of the second line in CXLVI., where, in the Quarto of 1609, the words "my sinfull earth" occur at the end of the first line and again at the beginning of the second. The second line is thus obviously wrong. In correcting it, the general scope of the Sonnet must be taken into account. The principal subject is, feeding the body and soul; and the conclusion come to is that the latter, and not the former, is to be fed. "Why feed'st" (cf. l., line 6) would thus be suitable. Moreover "my" in the first line, and "why" commencing alike the second and third, may have been the cause of confusion and error.<sup>2</sup> The first three lines will then stand:—

<sup>1</sup> "The order of the poems in this volume is very arbitrary, but it is followed in the editions by Gildon (1710) and Sewell (1725 and 1728), as well as those published by Ewing (1771) and by Evans (1775). In all these editions Sonnets XVIII., XIX., XLIII., LVI., LXXV., LXXVI., XCVI., and CXXVI. are omitted, and Sonnets CXXXVIII. and CXLIV. are given in the form in which they appear in the *Passionate Pilgrim*."—*Cambridge Shakespeare*, vol. 9, Preface, p. xvii.

<sup>2</sup> Of suggested emendations the Cambridge editors give, "Fool'd by those

"Poore soule, the center of my siufull earth,  
Why feed'st these rebbell powres that thee array?  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth," etc.

Such an example as that furnished by XXV., lines 9 and 11, where the terminations "worth" and "quite" do not correspond, may have resulted from one of the lines being altered on revision, while the other remained unchanged. The repeated substitution of "their" for "thy" has been ascribed to a misunderstanding on the part of the compositor. Malone remarked, "The same mistake has several times happened in these Sonnets, owing probably to abbreviations having been formerly used for the words *their* and *thy*, so nearly resembling each other as not to be easily distinguished. I have observed the same error in some of the old English plays."<sup>1</sup> In other cases the critic should remember that Elizabethan orthography was much more lax than that of our time, and also that this orthography was accompanied by a pronunciation which not only differed from what now prevails, but which, even in the mouths of educated persons, was more obtuse and less precise. Cf. "steel'd" and "held," XXIV., lines 1, 3, and "sheeds" and "deeds," XXXIV., lines 13, 14. And of course, in relation to the Sonnets, as elsewhere, the critic should so far observe the general rule that the more difficult reading is to be preferred, as to be on his guard against emendations of tempting facility.

§ 10. Only a very few additional passages of difficult interpretation can be here noticed.<sup>2</sup>

(XVI., line 10.) *This (Times pensel or my pupill pen).*—Dr Furnivall has suggested to me that "Times pensel" is used with a general reference to such written records of the time as may refer to Mr W. H. This view appears to me correct; and it is well worthy of notice that in the Quarto the words "Times pensel or my pupill pen" are bracketed together. The record of "Time's pensel" would thus be of a similar kind to that made by the poet's "pupill pen." A reason may also thus be assigned for the use of the word "pupill," as implying that the record in these Sonnets was subordinate to the general record or chronicle of the period. *This* in "this (Time's pensel or my pupill pen)"

rebel," Malone; "Starv'd by the rebel," Steevens conj.; "Fool'd by these rebel," Dyce; "Thrall to these rebel," Anon. conj. Prof. Dowden gives other emendations: "Foil'd by these rebel," F. T. Palgrave; "Hemm'd with these rebel," Furnivall; "My sins these rebel," Bullock; "Slave of these rebel," Cartwright; "My sinfull earth these rebel powers array," G. Massey, the word "array" being taken by Massey as implying "set their battle in array against the soul." Prof. Dowden himself gives "Press'd by these rebel."

<sup>1</sup> "Their" occurs wrongly four times in XLVI.

<sup>2</sup> I may state that I hope before very long to publish a fuller account of the questions relating to the Sonnets, and also of their interpretation, than is possible in the narrow limits of the Introductions to this series of Facsimiles. Prof. Dowden's valuable commentary may be studied by any one wishing a further insight into the interpretation of these poems.

may be taken as denoting "any written record of this kind," whether by "Time's pencil," etc.

(XXIII., lines 11, 12.)—

"Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence  
More then that tonge that more hath more exprest."

Myself "who pleade for loue," and a recompense greater (first "more" of line 12) than "that tonge" (the voice of my books) hath better (third "more") expressed than my voice could do that greater love and recompense ("that more") which I plead for. I have thus adopted an interpretation suggested to me by Mr G. Bernard Shaw. This place may enable the reader to appreciate somewhat the lines of Shelley about Shakspeare's Sonnets being used as a whetstone to sharpen "dull intelligence."

(XXXVII., line 3.) *Made lame by Fortunes dearest spight.*—There is little difficulty about this lameness being metaphorical, as may be seen by considering the connection of thought, and comparing the following passages, to which my attention was directed by the Rev. W. A. Harrison:—"Come, lame mee with reasons;" "Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any" (*As You Like It*, Act I. sc. iii. lines 5—9); "That their limbs may halt as lamely as their manners" (*Timon*, Act IV. sc. i. lines 24, 25). *Dearest spight.* Cf. "Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven" (*Hamlet*, Act I. sc. ii. line 182).

(LXXIII., lines 1 to 12.) *That time of yeare thou maist in me behold*, etc.—Shakspeare speaks of himself as already in declining age, though, according to our chronology, he must have been only thirty-four or thirty-five. Cf. the two following stanzas from Lord Byron's poem written on completing his thirty-sixth year:—

"My days are in the yellow leaf,  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,  
The worm, the canker, and the grief,  
Are mine alone.

"The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile."

After this comparison the objection as to Shakspeare's age may well lose its force.

(CXXI.) *'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed*, etc.—Shakspeare, deeply moved at some scandal circulating concerning him, speaks of an evil reputation as worse than actual vileness. He asserts, not that he is blameless, but that he has been traduced by persons worse than himself. This Sonnet has probably a close connection with what has been called "The Period of Gloom"—a period which produced, however, a large proportion of Shakspeare's very greatest works.

(CXXXI., line 13.) *In nothing art thou blacke, saue in thy deads.*—Having said in the previous line that the lady's dark complexion seemed to him to surpass the beauties of others, the poet proceeds to a climax in this and the following line, asserting, somewhat contrary to expectation, that the lady's complexion is not really dark, but that it is falsely alleged to be such on account of the extreme turpitude of her conduct.

§ II. Attempts to "solve" the Sonnets, by transposing them, are always to be regarded with distrust. In what has been already said it has been assumed that the order given in the First Quarto is the right order; and this must certainly be maintained until the contrary has been proved. And no such proof has yet been made.

The question is, however, chiefly important with regard to I. to CXXVI. CLIII. and CLIV. constitute, as was pointed out by Armitage Brown, a group by themselves; and the order of CXXVII. to CLII. is of less importance. It remains, then, that the succession of I. to CXXVI. should be investigated a little more closely. Prof. Dowden, following, as he states, Goedeke, has called attention to the use of the pronouns "thou" and "you" in the various parts of this series. He states that in I. to L. "you" is rare; in LI. to C. "you" and "thou" alternate, "thou" preponderating slightly; in CL. to CXXVI. "thou" is the exception. "You" is the more familiar, and naturally, after three years' acquaintance, prevails in C. to CXXVI.<sup>1</sup> The following scheme is based to some extent on that of Dr Furnivall in the *Leopold Shakspeare* :—

## Sonnets.

- 1 to 26. α. 1 to 17. The beauty of Mr W. H. ; his duty to beget offspring. "Thou" used exclusively in 12 out of the 17 Sonnets.  
 β. 18 to 26. W. H.'s beauty. "Thou" prevails. Whether 1 to 26 were sent as one or two poetical epistles, uncertain.
- 27 to 32. "Thou" Sonnets. Shakspeare away in some or all. 32 may be taken as termination of poetical epistle.
- 33 to 38. Mr W. H. has expressed contrition for the fault committed, probably while Shakspeare was away: Ill deeds ransomed by tears: Couplet at end of 38 marks termination of epistle possibly.
39. May stand alone, or belong to preceding group.
- 40 to 42. W. H. has Shakspeare's mistress; but Shakspeare's love for him prevails.
- 43 to 47. Perhaps a distinct letter, sent to W. H. in Shakspeare's absence.
- 48 to 51. Similar group. 34 to 51 all "thou" Sonnets.
- 52 to 55. "You" group. Shakspeare's love for W. H. in absence: Immortality for W. H. in Shakspeare's verse.
- 56 to 58. W. H. remonstrated with on seeming alienation.
- 59, 60. Marked off by philosophical character. Doctrine of the cycles: life like successive waves: Shakspeare's verse more powerful than Time.
- 61 to 63. Sleeplessness through love: Shakspeare's self-love is love for his other self; Shakspeare waning: Immortality in verse.
- 64 to 68. Characterized by deep melancholy.
- 69, 70. W. H. has mixed in bad company (F.).
- 71 to 74. Shakspeare on his own death, and his entire love for his friend. (Compare the death-thoughts in *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*.) (F.)
- 75 to 77. Shakspeare's constancy produces seeming monotony of verse: Use of mirror, dial, and book for manuscript.
- 78 to 87. Concerned with rival-poet: farewell.
- 88 to 94. W. H. estranged or Shakspeare fears that he is: Hint in 94 that W. H. is being corrupted by bad company.
- 95, 96. Rebuke and warning against vicious licence.

<sup>1</sup> But in regard to this question of "thou" and "you" we should not disregard the varied requirements of verse, since we are dealing with poetry.

Sonnets.

- 97 to 99. Probably written by Shakspeare to regain the love of W. H., but without apparent effect.
- 100 to 126. To be regarded as one poem written on reconciliation after protracted separation. Shakspeare's love stronger than ever. "Hell of time" (120) to be compared with the "hell" of 58. Shakspeare takes the blame of interruption of intimacy on himself. Perhaps, out of sympathy for his friend, speaks of the scandal from which he was suffering (112, 121). Shakspeare defends himself against the charge of unfaithfulness in 122 to 125, and in 126 gives *L'Envoi*.

But it is probably impossible to construct any such scheme which shall not be in some, or many, respects doubtful.

The second series, CXXVII. to CLII., is divided by Furnivall as follows: the contents stand less in need of comment:— | 127 | 128 | 129\* | 130 | 131, 132 | 133 to 136 | 137 to 145 | 146\* | 147, 148 | 149 to 152 |. The last two Sonnets are best regarded as distinct | 153 | 154 |. They were tracked by Herzberg (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, 1878) to an epigram (IX. 627) of the Palatine Anthology, though neither of these Sonnets is quite a translation of the Greek. How Shakspeare became acquainted with it is unknown.

§ 12. "A Louers complaint." This poem, with the name of Shakspeare, was appended to the Sonnets as published in 1609. Only a word with regard to it can here be added. I am inclined to think that it was written before (perhaps a good while before) the *Lucrece*, and that it was left in places in a somewhat rough state, and was never finally elaborated by Shakspeare.<sup>1</sup> Cf. the lines in the sixth stanza,—

"Vpon whose weeping margent she was set,  
Like vsery applying wet to wet,"

with what is said in *As You Like It* (Act II. sc. i.) of the stricken deer which

"Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brooke,  
Augmenting it with teares,"

and what follows,—

"Poor deere, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament  
As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more  
To that which had too much" ("must" in Folio).

*August*, 1885.

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\* These Sonnets are marked with asterisks to indicate their apparently independent character. Furnivall (*Leop. Shaks.*) seems to think 146 possibly misplaced.

<sup>1</sup> See Delius's Paper on this poem in the *Shakspeare Jahrbuch*, 1885.



## APPENDIX.

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### SHAKSPERE'S "SONNETS" AND DRAYTON'S "IDEA."

IN 1594 Michael Drayton published a small volume of Sonnets, with the title *Ideas Mirrour*.<sup>1</sup> In these Sonnets he is said to have celebrated an early attachment for a lady who lived by the river Ankor or Anker, in North Warwickshire, and whom he designated by the poetical name of "Idea":—

"*Ardens* sweet *Ankor*, let thy glory be  
That fayre *Idea* she doth live by thee" (Amour 24).

This collection of Sonnets, which, in successive editions, underwent very considerable alterations, cannot be said to present in its original form any strong resemblances to Shakspeare's work. Taken altogether, these fifty-one Sonnets are markedly un-Shaksperian. But in 1599 Drayton published another edition under the title "*Idea*," and appended it to his *Englands Heroicall Epistles*.<sup>2</sup> The number of Sonnets was increased to fifty-nine, and there are several which, on account of resemblances in language or thought, will readily arrest the attention of a reader familiar with Shakspeare's Sonnets. There is one to which more than once notice has been directed. Its number in the 1599 edition is 22 (subsequently 20):—

"An euill spirit your beauty haunts me still,  
Wherewith (alas) I haue been long possess,  
Which ceaseth not to tempt me vnto ill,  
Nor giues me once but one pore minutes rest.  
In me it speakes, whether I sleepe or wake,  
And when by meanes to driue it out I try,

---

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted for the Roxburghe Club from the copy in the possession of Mr W. H. Miller, under the editorship of the late Mr J. P. Collier.

<sup>2</sup> The copy I have used is in the Grenville Library, British Museum. There is said to be another in the Bodleian. I ought perhaps to say that I am not now concerned with Drayton's *Idea*, *The Shepheards Garland*, *Fashioned in Nine Eglogs*, 1593.

With greater torments then it me doth take,  
 And tortures me in most extremitie  
 Before my face, it layes all my dispaire,  
 And hastes me on vnto a suddaine death ;  
 Now tempting me, to drowne my selfe in teares,  
 And then in sighing to giue vp my breath :  
 Thus am I still prouok'd to euery euill,  
 By this good wicked spirit, sweet Angel deuill."

A comparison of this Sonnet with Shakspeare's Sonnet CXLIV. can scarcely leave it doubtful that the resemblance is not accidental. But as Sonnet CXLIV. is contained in the *Passionate Pilgrim* (1599), it might seem possible that Drayton had seen it in this collection, and, later in the same year, had imitated it in the Sonnet given above. But with regard to other similarities this explanation is in no way admissible. Take, for example, lines 7—14 of 33 (as altered in 1599), which must be compared with Shakspeare's XLVI. and XLVII. :—

" *To Imagination.* Sonet 33.

" Whilst yet mine eyes doe surfet with delight  
 My wofull hart imprison'd in my brest,  
 Wisheth to be transform'd into my sight,  
 That it like those, in looking might be blest,  
 But whilst mine eyes thus greedily doe gaze,  
 Finding their obiects ouersoone depart,  
 These now the others happines doe praise,  
 Wishing themselves that they were now my hart ;  
 That eyes had hart, or that the hart had eyes,  
 As couetous the others use to haue ;  
 But finding reason still the same denies,  
 This to each other mutually they craue,  
 That since each other yet they cannot see,  
 That eyes could thinke, or that my hart could see."

Drayton's Sonnet 29, *To the Senses*, should be compared with Shakspeare's CXLI. But to quote only one other Sonnet from Drayton (43 in 1599 ed., afterwards 44), in which we shall find resemblances to Shakspeare which are very important :—

" Whilst thus my penne striues to eternize thee,  
 Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,  
 Wherein the Map of all my misery,  
 Is modeld out the world of my disgrace,  
 Whilst in despite of tyrannizing times,  
*Medea* like I make thee young againe,  
 Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing rimes,  
 And murder'st vertue with thy coy disdain ;  
 And though in youth, my youth vntimely perrish  
 To keepe thee from obliuion and the graue,  
 Ensuing ages yet my rimes shall cherrish,  
 Where I entomb'd, my better part shall saue ;  
 And though this earthly body fade and die,  
 My name shall mount vpon etcrnitie."

We notice first that Drayton, though only some thirty-six years of age, speaks of himself, like Shakspeare, as already aged.<sup>1</sup> Age, with wrinkles, is ruling lines on his face—a mode of expression easy to be paralleled from Shakspeare (cf. II., XIX., LXII., LXXIII.). Drayton, however, somewhat inconsistently, speaks of his youth as “untimely perishing.” As to “dispight of tyrannising times” and the subject of his verse being “made young again,” XIX. may be compared :—

“Yet doe thy worst ould Time dispight thy wrong,  
My lone shall in my verse ener liue young.”

Like Shakspeare (LV. *al.*), Drayton (in 1599) anticipates eternal renown ; and it is perhaps worth noting that in the previous year (1598) he had been placed among the poets for whom this had been predicted by Meres, his name standing next before Shakspeare's (*sup.* p. xiii). But perhaps most remarkable of all is what Drayton says of his “better part” being preserved, “entomb'd” in his verse. The student of Shakspeare may at once recall what is said in LXXIV. of the poet's friend reading the verses dedicated to him after Shakspeare's death :—

“When thou reuwest this, thou dost reuew  
The very part was consecrate to thee,  
The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,  
My spirit is thine the better part of me ;”

and LXXXI. :—

“When you intombed in mens eyes shall lye,  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse  
Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read,” etc.

I have not exhausted the evidence ; but enough has been said to prove that Drayton must have had, before the issue of his *Idea* in 1599, an acquaintance with some portion of Shakspeare's Sonnets. Such acquaintance is not discernible in the edition of 1594. And as several of the Sonnets just mentioned did not appear in print till 1609, it follows that Drayton must have seen them in MS. A circulation in the MS. form is probably implied in what Meres says of Shakspeare's “sugred Sonnets among his private friends,” and it is probably implied also in Jaggard's getting hold of two of the Sonnets for his *Passionate Pilgrim*.<sup>2</sup> But a question will naturally suggest itself with regard to the Chronology set forth in preceding pages (§ 4). To this question I may reply that I can detect in the

<sup>1</sup> A fact to which, if I recollect rightly, my attention was some time ago directed by Mr P. Z. Round.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. “Where as being spred abroade in written Coppies, it had gathered much corruption by ill Writers,” Newman's Dedication to Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, 1591.

1599 *Idea* no allusion to the Sonnets placed above (p. x, *seq.*) in 1601. The allusions and analogies are concerned only with those of 1598 and 1599. The latest appears to be the eighty-first; and it is *possible* that this may have been written before the end of 1598 (according to the reckoning of the time).<sup>1</sup> But there are apparently no indications which would enable us to determine this point with precision. It is sufficient that Drayton's allusions are to Sonnets of 1598 or 1599. How Shakspeare viewed the use made of his work by Drayton we do not know; but probably he regarded it with magnanimous indifference. Perhaps this is to be inferred from the fact that the suggestions borrowed from Shakspeare did not disappear in subsequent editions of the *Idea*. On the contrary, it would seem that further addition was made to what had appeared in 1599; and Drayton does not seem to have been deterred from borrowing subsequently in his *Nymphidia* from the description of Queen Mab in *Romeo and Juliet*,<sup>2</sup> and, in his *Barons' Wars*, from the character of Brutus as described by Antony in *Julius Cæsar* (Collier's Introduction to *Poems of Drayton*, p. xlviiii). In the latter case this occurred previous to the publication of *Julius Cæsar* in the Folio of 1623.

It is also very worthy of note that though, as remarked above, *Idea* with its quasi-Shaksperian insertions was added to *England's Heroicall Epistles* in 1599, Drayton had published in 1598 an edition of the *Epistles* without *Idea*; so that we have grounds for thinking that Drayton had given his Sonnets their Shaksperian colouring in the interval. We have thus substantial corroborative evidence of the Chronology of the Sonnets as previously set forth. And it is remarkable, and confirmatory of the view above given, that already in 1598 Drayton was known as a copier or imitator, not to say plagiarist. This appears from the following lines of Edward Guilpin in his *Skialetheia* (Satyre VI. p. 64, Grosart's Reprint):—

“ Drayton's condemn'd of some for imitation,  
But others say 'twas the best Poets fashion.”

Whether Drayton's treatment of Shakspeare's Sonnets was influenced by his being, as Collier considered (*op. cit.*, p. xxxiv), in “want of pecuniary resources” about 1598-9, we need not now enquire.

T. T.

<sup>1</sup> On p. xviii what I have said is in accordance with the modern style. Of CXL. mentioned above it is impossible to give the year.

<sup>2</sup> *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature* (ed. Carruthers), vol. i. p. 91.

## NOTE.

In "Strikes each in each" (VIII, line 10) the final "s" in "Strikes" does not appear in the British Museum copy of the First Quarto, but the true reading is not doubtful. A similar remark may be made with respect to the initial "t" in "the deare hearts part" (XLVI, line 12). In the Earl of Ellesmere's copy these letters may possibly have not failed. "Reserue" (LXXXV, line 3) is no doubt the true reading, though the "u" is defective in the British Museum copy. In LXXXVI, line 2, "(all to precious)" is not hyphenated. In the "gracious" of LXXIX, line 3, the dot of the "i" has become elongated in the facsimile, so as to give the appearance of "l."





# SHAKE-SPEARES

## S O N N E T S.

Neuer before Imprinted.

---

---

AT LONDON

By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are

to be solde by *John Wright*, dwelling  
at Christ Church gate.

1609.





TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.  
THESE. INSVING. SONNETS.  
M<sup>r</sup>. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.  
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.  
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR. EVER-LIVING. POET.

WISHETH.

THE. WELL-WISHING.  
ADVENTVRER. IN.  
SETTING.  
FORTH.

T. T.





**S H A K E S P E A R E S,**  
**S O N N E T S.**

Series I.

1

**F**rom fairest creatures we desire increase,  
 That thereby beauties *Rose* might neuer die,  
 But as the riper should by time decease,  
 His tender heire might beare his memory:  
 But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,  
 Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substantiall fewell,  
 Making a famine where abundance lies,  
 Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweet selfe too cruell:  
 Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,  
 And only herauld to the gaudy spring,  
 Within thine owne bud buriest thy content,  
 And render chorle makst wast in niggarding:  
 Pitty the world, or else this glurton be,  
 To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

4

8

12

14

2

2

**W**hen fortie Winters shall besiege thy brow,  
 And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,  
 Thy youthes proud liuery so gaz'd on now,  
 Wil be a totter'd weed of smal worth held:  
 Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,  
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies;  
 To say within thine owne deepe sunken eyes,  
 Were an all-eating shame, and thristlesse praise.  
 How much more praise deseru'd thy beauties vse,  
 If thou couldst answer this faire child of mine  
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse  
 Proouing his beautie by succession thine.

4

8

12

B

This

## SHAKE-SPEARES

This were to be new made when thou art ould,  
And see thy blood warme when thou feel'st it could,

14

3

**L**ooke in thy glasse and tell the face thou vewest,  
Now is the time that face should forme an other,  
Whose fresh repaire if now thou not renewest,  
Thou doo'st beguile the world, vnlesse some mother.  
For where is she so faire whose vn-card wombe  
Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?  
Or who is he so fond will be the tombe,  
Of his selfe loue to stop posterity?  
Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee  
Calls backe the louely Aprill of her prime,  
So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,  
Dispight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.  
But if thou liue remembered not to be,  
Die single and thine Image dies with thee.

12

14

4

**V**Nthrifty louelinese why dost thou spend,  
Vpon thy selfe thy beauties legacy?  
Natures bequest giues nothing but doth lend,  
And being franck she lends to those are free:  
Then beautious nigard why doost thou abuse,  
The bountious largesse giuen thee to giue?  
Profittes vsurer why doost thou vse  
So great a summe of summes yet can't not liue?  
For hauing traffike with thy selfe alone,  
Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe dost deceaue,  
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,  
What acceptable *Audit* can't thou leaue?  
Thy vnus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which vsed liues th'executor to be.

4

8

12

14

5

**T**Hose howers that with gentle worke did frame,  
The louely gaze where euery eye doth dwell  
Will play the tirants to the very same,

And

S O N N E T S.

And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell:  
 For neuer resting time leads Summer on,  
 To hidious winter and confounds him there,  
 Sap checkt with frost and lustie leau's quite gon.  
 Beauty ore-snow'd and barenes euey where,  
 Then were not summers distillation left  
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse,  
 Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,  
 Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.  
 But flowers distil'd though they with winter meete,  
 Leese but their show, their substance still liues sweet.

6

**T**Hen let not winters wragged hand deface,  
 In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd:  
 Make sweet some viall; treasure thou some place,  
 With beautits treasure ere it be selfe kil'd:  
 That vse is not forbidden vsery,  
 Which happies those that pay the willing lone;  
 That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,  
 Or ten times happier be it ten for one,  
 Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,  
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,  
 Then what could death doe if thou should'st depart,  
 Leauing thee liuing in posterity?  
 Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,  
 To be deaths conquest and make wormes thine heire.

7

**L**oe in the Orient when the gracious light,  
 Lifts vp his burning head, each vnder eye  
 Doth homage to his new appearing sight,  
 Seruing with lookes his sacred maiesty,  
 And hauing climb'd the steepe vp heauenly hill,  
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
 Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,  
 Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:  
 But when from high-moost pich with wery car,

B 2

Like

## SHAKE-SPEARES

Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,  
 The eyes (fore dutious) now conuerted are  
 From his low tract and looke another way:  
 So thou, thy selfe out-going in thy noon:  
 Vnlok'd on diest vnlesse thou get a sonne.

8

**M**Vhick to heare, why hear'st thou musick sadly,  
 Sweets with sweets warre not, ioy delights in ioy:  
 Why lou'st thou that which thou receau't not gladly,  
 Or else receau't with pleasure thine annoy?  
 If the true concord of well tuned sounds,  
 By vnions married do offend thine eare,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 In singlenesse the parts that thou should'st beare:  
 Marke how one string sweet husband to another,  
 Strike each in each by mutuall ordering;  
 Resembling fier, and child, and happy mother,  
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
 Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,  
 Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none.

9.

**I**S it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,  
 That thou consum'st thy selfe in single life?  
 Ah; if thou issuleffe shalt hap to die,  
 The world will waile thee like a makelesse wife,  
 The world wilbe thy widdow and still weepe,  
 That thou no forme of thee hast left behind,  
 When euery priuat widdow well may keepe,  
 By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in minde:  
 Looke what an vnthrif in the world doth spend  
 Shifts but his place, for still the world inioyes it  
 But beauties waste, hath in the world an end,  
 And kept vnvsde the vsur so destroyes it:  
 No loue toward others in that bosome fits  
 That on himselfe such murderous shame commits.

10.

## SONNETS.

10

**F**OR shame deny that thou bear'st loue to any  
 Who for thy selfe art so vnproudent  
 Graunt if thou wilt, thou art belou'd of many,  
 But that thou none lou'st is most euident:  
 For thou art so possest with murdrous hate,  
 That gainst thy selfe thou stickst not to conspire,  
 Seeking that beautious rooffe to ruinate  
 Which to repaire should be thy chiefe desire :  
 O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,  
 Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle loue?  
 Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,  
 Or to thy selfe at least kind harted proue,  
 Make thee an other selfe for loue of me,  
 That beauty still may liue in thine or thee.

10

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11

**A**S fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'st,  
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest,  
 And that fresh bloud which yongly thou bestow'st,  
 Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth conuertest,  
 Herein liues wisdome, beauty, and increase,  
 Without this follie, age, and could decay,  
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
 And threescoore yeare would make the world away:  
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,  
 Harsh, featurelesse, and rude, barrenly perrish,  
 Looke whom she best indow'd, she gaue the more;  
 Which bountious giuft thou shouldst in bounty cherriish,  
 She caru'd thee for her seale, and ment therby,  
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

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12

**W**HEN I doe count the clock that tels the time,  
 And see the braue day sunck in hidious night,  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls or siluer'd ore with white :  
 When losty trees I see barren of leaues,  
 Which erst from heat did canopie the herd

4

B 3

And

**SNAKE-SPEARES**

And Sommers greene all girded vp in sheaues  
 Borne on the beare with white and bristly beard:  
 Then of thy beauty do I question make  
 That thou among the wastes of time must goe,  
 Since sweets and beauties do them-selues forsake,  
 And die as fast as they see others grow,  
 And nothing gainst Times fieth can make defence  
 Saue breed to braue him,when he takes thee hence.

8

12

14

13

13

**O** That you were your selfe, but loue you are  
 No longer yours, then you your selfe here liue,  
 Against this cumming end you should prepare,  
 And your sweet semblance to some other giue.  
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
 Find no determination, then you were  
 You selfe again after your selves decease,  
 When your sweet issue your sweet forme should beare.  
 Who lets so faire a house fall to decay,  
 Which husbandry in honour might vphold,  
 Against the stormy gusts of winters day  
 And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?  
 O none but vnthrifts, deare my loue you know,  
 You had a Father, let your Son say so.

4

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14

**N**ot from the stars do I my iudgement plucke,  
 And yet me thinkes I haue Astronomy,  
 But not to tell of good, or euil lucke,  
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quallity,  
 Nor can I fortune to breese mynuits tell;  
 Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,  
 Or say with Princes if it shal go wel  
 By oft predict that I in heauen finde,  
 But from thine eies my knowledge I deriue,  
 And constant stars in them I read such art  
 As truth and beautie shal together thriue  
 If from thy selfe, to store thou wouldst conuert:

4

8

12

Or



## SONNETS.

Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
 Thy end is Truthes and Beauties doome and date.

15

**W**Hen I consider euery thing that growes  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment.  
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shoves  
 Whereon the Stars in secret influence comment.  
 When I perceiue that men as plants increase,  
 Cheared and checkt euen by the selfe-same skie:  
 Vaunt in their youthfull sap, at height decrease,  
 And were their braue state out of memory.  
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,  
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
 Where wastfull time debateth with decay  
 To change your day of youth to sullied night,  
 And all in war with Time for loue of you  
 As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

16

**B**Vt wherefore do not you a mightier waie  
 Make warre vppon this bloudie tirant time?  
 And fortifie your selfe in your decay  
 With meanes more blessed then my barren rime?  
 Now stand you on the top of happie houres,  
 And many maiden gardens yet vnset,  
 With vertuous wish would beare your liuing flowers,  
 Much liker then your painted counterfeit:  
 So should the lines of life that life repaire  
 Which this (Times pensel or my pupill pen )  
 Neither in inward worth nor outward faire  
 Can make you liue your selfe in eies of men,  
 To giue away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,  
 And you must liue drawne by your owne sweet skill,

17

**VV**Ho will beleue my verse in time to come  
 If it were filld with your most high deserts?

B 4

Though

14

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17

## SHAKESPEARE'S

4 Though yet heauen knowes it is but as a tombe  
 Which hides your life , and shewes not halfe your parts:  
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
 8 The age to come would say this Poet lies,  
 Such heauenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.  
 So should my papers (yellowed with their age)  
 Be scorn'd,like old men of lesse truth then tongue,  
 And your true rights be termd a Poets rage,  
 12 And stretched miter of an Antique song.  
 But were some childe of yours aliuie that time,  
 14 You should liue twife in it, and in my rime.

18.

18 **S**hall I compare thee to a Summers day?  
 Thou art more louely and more temperate:  
 Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,  
 4 And Sommers lease hath all too short a date:  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  
 And euery faire from faire some-time declines,  
 8 By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:  
 But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,  
 Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'ft,  
 Nor shall death brag thou wandr'ft in his shade,  
 12 When in eternall lines to time thou grow'ft,  
 So long as men can breath or eyes can see,  
 14 So long liues this, and this giues life to thee,

19

19 **D**eououring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,  
 And make the earth deuoure her owne sweet brood,  
 Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,  
 4 And burne the long liu'd Phænix in her blood,  
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'ft,  
 And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time  
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets:  
 8 But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,

O

## SONNETS.

O care not with thy howers my loues faire brow,  
 Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen,  
 Him in thy course vntainted doe allow,  
 For beauties patterne to succeeding men.

12

Yet doe thy worst ould Time dispight thy wrong,  
 My loue shall in my verse euer liue young.

14

20

20

**A** Womans face with natures owne hand painted,  
 Hast thou the Master Mistris of my passion,  
 A womans gentle hart but not acquainted  
 With shifting change as is false womens fashion,  
 An eye more bright then theirs, lesse false in rowling:  
 Gilding the object where-vpon it gazeth,  
 A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling,  
 Which steales mens eyes and womens soules amaseth.  
 And for a woman wert thou first created,  
 Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,  
 And by addition me of thee defeated,  
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

4

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12

But since she prickt thee out for womens pleasure,  
 Mine bethy loue and thy loues vse their treasure.

14

21

21

**S**o is it not with me as with that Muse,  
 Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,  
 Who heauen it selfe for ornament doth vse,  
 And euery faire with his faire doth reherse,  
 Making a coopement of proud compare  
 With Sunne and Moone, with earth and seas rich gems:  
 With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,  
 That heauens ayre in this huge rondure hems,  
 O let me true in loue but truly write,  
 And then belecue me, my loue is as faire,  
 As any mothers childe, though not so bright  
 As those Gould candells fixt in heauens ayer:  
 Let them say more that like of heare-say well,  
 I will not prayse that purpose not to sell.

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C

SHAKE-SPEARES

22

22 **M**Y glasse shall not perswade me I amould,  
 So long as youth and thou are of one date,  
 4 But when in thee times forrwes I behould,  
 Then look I death my daies should expiate.  
 For all that beauty that doth couer thee,  
 Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,  
 8 Which in thy brest doth liue, as thine in me,  
 How can I then be elder then thou art?  
 O therefore loue be of thy selfe so wary,  
 As I not for my selfe, but for thee will,  
 Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary  
 12 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,  
 14 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slaine,  
 Thou gau'st me thine not to giuee backe againe.

23

23 **A**S an vnperfect actor on the stage,  
 Who with his feare is put besides his part,  
 Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage,  
 4 Whose strengths abondance weakens his owne heart;  
 So I for feare of trust, forget to say,  
 The perfect ceremony of loues right,  
 And in mine owne loues strength seeme to decay,  
 8 Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might:  
 O let my books be then the eloquence,  
 And dumb presagers of my speaking brest,  
 Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,  
 12 More then that tonge that more hath more exprest.  
 O learne to read what silent loue hath writ,  
 14 To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wihit.

24

24 **M**ine eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeld,  
 Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,  
 My body is the frame wherein ti's held,  
 4 And perspectiue it is bett Painters art.  
 For through the Painter must you see his skill,

To

## SONNETS.

To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies,  
 Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil,  
 That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:  
 Now see what good-turnes eyes for cies haue done,  
 Mine eyes haue drawne thy shape, and thine for me  
 Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun  
 Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee  
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art  
 They draw but what they see, know not the hart.

25

Let those who are in fauor with their stars,  
 Of publike honour and proud titles boast,  
 Whilst I whome fortune of such tryumph bars  
 Vnlookt for ioy in that I honour most;  
 Great Princes fauorites their faire leaues spread,  
 But as the Marygold at the suns eye,  
 And in them-selues their pride lies buried,  
 For at a frowne they in their glory die.  
 The painefull warrior famosed for worth,  
 After a thousand victories once foild,  
 Is from the booke of honour rased quite,  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toild:  
 Then happy I that loue and am beloued  
 Where I may not remoue, nor be remoued.

26

Lord of my loue, to whome in vassalage  
 Thy merrit hath my dutie strongly knit;  
 To thee I send this written ambassage  
 To witnesse duty, not to shew my wit.  
 Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine  
 May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it;  
 But that I hope some good conceipt of thine  
 In thy soules thought (all naked) will bestow it:  
 Til whatsoeuer star that guides my mouing,  
 Points on me graciously with faire aspect,  
 And puts apparrell on my tottered louing,

C 2

To

## SHAKE-SPEARES,

To show me worthy of their sweet respect,  
 Then may I dare to boast how I doe loue thee,  
 Til then, not show my head where thou maist proueme

27

**W**Eary with toyle, I hast me to my bed,  
 The deare repose for lims with trauaill tired,  
 But then begins a iourney in my head  
 To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.  
 For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
 Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee;  
 And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,  
 Looking on darknes which the blind doe see.  
 Saue that my soules imaginary fight  
 Presents their shaddoe to my sightles view,  
 Which like a iewell (hunge in gasty night)  
 Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new.  
 Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,  
 For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde.

28

**H**OW can I then returne in happy plight  
 That am debar'd the benifit of rest?  
 When daies oppression is nor eazd by night,  
 But day by night and night by day oprest.  
 And each (though enimies to ethers raigne)  
 Doe in consent shake hands to torture me,  
 The one by toyle, the other to complaine  
 How far I toyle, still farther off from thee.  
 I tell the Day to please him thou art bright,  
 And do'st him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen:  
 So flatter I the swart complexion'd night,  
 When sparkling stars twire not thou guil't th' eauen.  
 But day doth daily draw my forrowes longer, (stronger  
 And night doth nightly make greefes length seeme

29

**W**hen in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,  
 I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,

And

## SONNETS.

And trouble deafe heauen with my bootlesse cries,  
 And looke vpon my selfe and curse my fate.  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest,  
 Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,  
 With what I most inioy contented least,  
 Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,  
 Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my state,  
 (Like to the Larke at breake of daye arising)  
 From fullen earth sings himns at Heauens gate,  
 For thy sweet loue remembred such welth brings,  
 That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.

30

**W**hen to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,  
 I sommon vp remembrance of things past,  
 I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,  
 And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:  
 Then can I drowne an eye (vn-<sup>v</sup>'d to flow)  
 For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,  
 And weepe a fresh loues long since canceled woe,  
 And mone th' expence of many a vannisht fight.  
 Then can I grecue at grecuances fore-gon,  
 And heauily from woe to woe tell ore  
 The sad account of fore-bemomed mone,  
 Which I new pay, as if not payd before.  
 But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)  
 All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

31

**T**hy bosome is indeared with all hearts,  
 Which I by lacking haue supposed dead,  
 And there raignes Loue and all Loues louing parts,  
 And all those friends which I thought buried.  
 How many a holy and obsequious teare  
 Hath deare religious loue stolne from mine eye,  
 As interest of the dead, which now appeare,  
 But things remou'd that hidden in there lie.

C 3

To

## SNAKE-SPEARERS

Thou art the graue where buried loue doth liue,  
 Hung with the tropheis of my louers gon,  
 Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,  
 That due of many, now is thine alone.

Their images I lou'd, I view in thee,  
 And thou(all they)hast all the all of me.

32

IF thou suruiue my well contented daie,  
 When that churle death my bones with dust shall couer  
 And shalt by fortune once more re-suruiue:  
 These poore rude lines of thy deceased Louer:  
 Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,  
 And though they be out-strip't by euery pen,  
 Reserue them for my loue, not for their rime,  
 Exceeded by the hight of happier men.

Oh then voutsafe me but this louing thought,  
 Had my friends Muse growne with this growing age,  
 A dearer birth then this bis loue had brought  
 To march in ranckes of better equipage:

But since he died and Poets better proue,  
 Theirs for their stile ile read, his for his loue.

33

EVll many a glorious morning haue I seene,  
 Flatter the mountaine tops with soueraine eie,  
 Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;  
 Guiding pale streames with heauenly alchumy:

Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride,  
 With ougly rack on his celestiall face,  
 And from the for-lorne world his visage hide  
 Stealing vnseene to west with this disgracc:  
 Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine,  
 With all triumphant splendor on my brow,  
 But out slack, he was but one houre mine,  
 The region cloude hash mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth,  
 Suns of the world may staine, whē heaucas sun stainteth.



SONNETS.

34

**W**Hy didst thou promise such a beautiful day,  
 And make me trauaile forth without my cloake,  
 To let base cloudes ore-take me in my way,  
 Hiding thy brau'ry in their rotten smoke.  
 'Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,  
 To dry the raine on my storme-bearen face,  
 For no man well of such a salue can speake,  
 That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace:  
 Nor can thy shame giue phisicke to my griefe,  
 Though thou repent, yet I haue still the losse,  
 Th' offenders sorrow lends but weak reliefe  
 To him that beares the strong offenses losse.  
 Ah but those teares are pearle which thy loue sheeds,  
 And they are ritche, and rancome all ill deeds.

34

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35

**N**O more bee greu'd at that which thou hast done,  
 Roses haue thornes, and siluer fountains mud,  
 Cloudes and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne,  
 And loathsome canker liues in sweetest bud.  
 All men make faults, and euen I in this,  
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,  
 My selfe corrupting saluing thy amisse,  
 Excusing their sins more then their sins are;  
 For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence,  
 Thy aduerse party is thy Aduocate,  
 And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,  
 Such ciuill war is in my loue and hate,  
 That I an accessary needs must be,  
 To that sweet theefe which souerely robs from me,

35

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36

**L**Et me confesse that we two must be twaine,  
 Although our vndeuided loues are one:  
 So shall thole blots that do with me remaine,  
 Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.  
 In our two loues there is but one respect,

36

4

Though

## SHAKE-SPEARES

8 Though in our liues a feperable spight,  
 Which though it alter not loues sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steale sweet houres from loues delight,  
 I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,  
 Least my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,  
 12 Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,  
 Vnlesse thou take thar honour from thy name:  
 14 But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort.  
 As thou being mine, mine is rhy good report.

37

37

4 **A**S a decrepit father takes delight,  
 To see his actiue childe do deeds of youth,  
 So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight  
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.  
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 Or any of these all, or all, or more  
 8 Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit,  
 I make my loue ingrafted to this store:  
 So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispis'd,  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance giue,  
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
 12 And by a part of all thy glory liue:  
 14 Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee,  
 This wish I haue, then ten times happy me.

38

38

4 **H**OW can my Muse want subiect to inuent  
 While thou dost breath that poor'ft into my verse,  
 Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent,  
 For euey vulgar paper to rehearse:  
 Oh giue thy selfe the thanks if ought in me,  
 8 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,  
 For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee,  
 When thou thy selfe dost giue inuention light?  
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
 Than those old nine which rimers inuocate,  
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth

Eternall

SONNETS.

Eternal numbers to out-live long date.  
 If my slight Muse doe please these curious daies,  
 The paine be mine, but thine shal be the praise.

12  
 14  
 39

39

**O**H how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
 When thou art all the better part of me?  
 What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring;  
 And what is't but mine owne when I praise thee,  
 Euen for this, let vs deuided liue,  
 And our deare loue loose name of single one  
 That by this seperation I may giue:  
 That due to thee which thou deseru'st alone:  
 Oh absence what a torment wouldst thou proue,  
 Were it not thy soure leisure gaue sweer leaue,  
 To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,  
 VVhich time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceiue,  
 And that thou teachest how to make one twaine,  
 By praising him here who doth hence remaine.

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 14  
 40

40

**T**Ake all my loues, my loue, yea take them all.  
 What hast thou then more then thou hadst before?  
 No loue, my loue, that thou maist true loue call,  
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more:  
 Then if for my loue, thou my loue receiuest,  
 I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou vbest,  
 But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deccauest  
 By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refuselt.  
 I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle theese  
 Although thou steale thee all my pouerty:  
 And yet loue knowes it is a greater grieife  
 To beare loues wrong, then hates knowne iniury.  
 Lasciuious grace in whom all il'wel showes,  
 Kill me with spights yet we must not be foes.

4  
 8  
 12  
 14  
 41

41

**T**Hose pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
 When I am some-time absent from thy heart,

D

Thy

## SHAKE-SPEARES.

Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well befits,  
 For still temptation followes where thou art.  
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,  
 Beautious thou art, therefore to be assailed.  
 And when a woman woes, what womans sonne,  
 Will sourely leaue her till he haue preuailed.  
 Aye me, but yet thou mightst my seate forbear,  
 And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their ryot euen there  
 Where thou art forst to breake a two fold truth:  
 Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
 Thine by thy beautie beeing false to me.

42

**T**hat thou hast her it is not all my grieffe,  
 And yet it may be said I lou'd her deerely,  
 That she hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,  
 A losse in loue that touches me more neerely.  
 Louing offenders thus I will excuse yee,  
 Thou doost loue her, because thou knowst I loue her,  
 And for my sake euen so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffring my friend for my sake to approoue her,  
 If I loose thee, my losse is my loues gaine,  
 And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse,  
 Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,  
 But here's the ioy, my friend and I are one,  
 Sweete flattery, then she loues but me alone.

43

**W**hen most I winke then doe mine eyes best see,  
 For all the day they view things vnrespected,  
 But when I sleepe, in dreames they looke on thee,  
 And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.  
 Then thou whose shaddow shaddowes doth make bright,  
 How would thy shadowes forme, some happy show,  
 To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,  
 When to vn-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?

How

## SONNETS.

How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,  
 By looking on thee in the liuing day?  
 When in dead night their faire imperfect shade,  
 Through heauy sleepe on sightlesse eyes doth stay?  
 All dayes are nights to see till I see thee,  
 And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee me,

12

14

44

44

**I**F the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
 Iniurious distance should not stop my way,  
 For then dispight of space I would be brought,  
 From limits farre remote, where thou doost stay,  
 No matter then although my foote did stand  
 Vpon the farthest earth remoou'd from thee,  
 For nimble thought can iumpe both sea and land,  
 As soone as thinke the place where he would be.  
 But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought  
 To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
 But that so much of earth and water wrought,  
 I must attend, times leasure with my mone.  
 Recciuing naughts by elements so floe,  
 But heauie teares, badges of eithers woe.

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45

45

**T**He other two, slight ayre, and purging fire,  
 Arc both with thee, where euer I abide,  
 The first my thought, the other my desire,  
 These present absent with swift motion slide.  
 For when these quicker Elements are gone  
 In tender Embassie of loue to thee,  
 My life being made of soure, with two alone,  
 Sinks downe to death, opprest with melancholie.  
 Vntill liues composition be recured,  
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
 Who euen but now come back againe assured,  
 Of their faire health, recounting it to me.  
 This told, I ioy, but then no longer glad,  
 I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

4

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D 2

Mine

## SHAKESPEARES.

46

46

**M**ine eye and heart are at a mortall warre,  
 How to deuide the conquest of thy sight,  
 Mine eye, my heart their pictures sight would barre,  
 My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right,  
 My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,  
 (A closet neuer pearst with christall eyes)  
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
 And sayés in him their faire appearance lyes.  
 To side this title is impannelled  
 A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart,  
 And by their verdict is determined  
 The cleere eyes moyitie, and he deare hearts part.  
 As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,  
 And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart.

12

14

47

47

**B**etwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,  
 And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,  
 When that mine eye is famisht for a looke,  
 Or heart in loue with sighes himselfe doth smother;  
 With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,  
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:  
 An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,  
 And in his thoughts of loue doth share a part.  
 So either by thy picture or my loue,  
 Thy seife away, are present still with me,  
 For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst moue,  
 And I am still with them, and they with thee.  
 Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my sight  
 Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

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48

48

**H**ow carefull was I when I tooke my way,  
 Each trifle vnder truest barres to thrust,  
 That to my vse it might vn-vsed stay  
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust?  
 But thou, to whom my iewels trifles are,

4

Most

## SONNETS.

Most worthy comfort, now my greatest griefe,  
 Thou best of deereft, and mine onely care,  
 Art left the prey of euery vulgar theefe.  
 Thee haue I not lockt vp in any chest,  
 Saue where thou art not, though I feele thou art,  
 Within the gentle closure of my brest,  
 From whence at pleasure thou maist come and part,  
 And euen thence thou wilt be stolne I feare,  
 For truth proues theetish for a prize so deare.

8

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49

49

**A**gainst that time (if euer that time come)  
 When I shall see thee frowne on my defects,  
 When as thy loue hath cast his vtmost summe,  
 Cauld to that audite by adus'd respects,  
 Against that time when thou shalt strangely passe,  
 And scarcely greeete me with that sunne thine eye,  
 When loue conuerted from the thing it was  
 Shall reasons finde of setled grauitie.  
 Against that time do I insconce me here  
 Within the knowledge of mine owne defart,  
 And this my hand, against my selfe vpreare,  
 To guard the lawfull reasons on thy part,  
 To leaue poore me, thou hast the strength of lawes,  
 Since why to loue, I can alledge no cause.

4

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50

50

**H**ow heauie doe I iourney on the way,  
 When what I seeke (my wearie trauels end)  
 Dorth teach that ease and that repose to say  
 Thus farre the miles are measurde from thy friend.  
 The beast that beares me, tired with my woe,  
 Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me,  
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
 His rider lou'd not speed being made from thee:  
 The bloody spurre cannot prouoke him on,  
 That some-times anger thrusts into his hide,  
 Which heauily he answers with a grone,

4

8

D 3

More

## SHAKESPEARES.

12 More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,  
 For that same grone doth put this in my mind,  
 14 My greefe lies onward and my ioy behind.

51

51  
**T**HUS can my loue excuse the slow offence,  
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed,  
 From where thou art, why should I hast me thence,  
 4 Till I returne of posting is noe need.  
 O what excuse will my poore beast then find,  
 When swift extremity can seeme but slow,  
 Then should I spurre though mounted on the wind,  
 8 In winged speed no motion shall I know,  
 Then can no horse with my desire keepe pace,  
 Therefore desire (of perfects loue being made)  
 Shall naigh noe dull flesh in his fiery race,  
 12 But loue, for loue, thus shall excuse my iade,  
 Since from thee going, he went wilfull slow,  
 14 Towards thee ile run, and giue him leaue to goe.

52

52  
**S**O am I as the rich whose blessed key,  
 Can bring him to his sweet vp-locked treasure,  
 The which he will not eu'ry hower suruay,  
 4 For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure.  
 Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,  
 Since sildom comming in the long yeare set,  
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
 Or captaine Jewells in the carconer.  
 So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
 Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,  
 To make some speciall instant speciall blest,  
 8 By new vnfoulding his imprison'd pride.  
 Blessed are you whose worthinesse giues skope,  
 12 Being had to tryumph, being lackt to hope.

14

53

53  
**W**HAT is your substance, whereof are you made,  
 That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend?  
 Since



SONNETS.

Since every one, hath every one, one shade,  
 And you but one, can every shaddow lend:  
 Describe *Adonis* and the counterfet,  
 Is poorly immitated after you,  
 On *Hellens* checke all art of beautie set,  
 And you in *Grecian* tixes are painted new:  
 Speake of the spring, and soyzon of the yeare,  
 The one doth shaddow of your beautie show,  
 The other as your bountie doth appeare,  
 And you in euery blessed shape we know.  
 In all externall grace you haue some part,  
 But you like none, none you for constant heart,

4  
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12  
14

54

**O**H how much more doth beautie beancious seeme,  
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue,  
 The Rose lookes faire, but fairer we it deeme  
 For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue:  
 The Canker bloomes haue full as deepe a die,  
 As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,  
 Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,  
 When sommers breath their masked buds discloses:  
 But for their virtue only is their show,  
 They liue vnwoo'd, and vnrespected fade,  
 Die to themselues. Sweet Roses doe not so,  
 Of their sweet deaths, are sweetest odors made:  
 And so of you, beautious and louely youth,  
 When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

34  
4  
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55

**N**Ot marble, nor the gilded monument,  
 Of Princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime,  
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
 Then vnswep stone, besmeer'd with sluttish time.  
 When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-turne,  
 And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,  
 Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne:  
 The liuing record of your memory.

55  
4  
8

Gainst

## SHAKE-SPEARES.

Gainst death, and all obliuious enmity  
 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,  
 Euen in the eyes of all posterity  
 That weare this world out to the ending doome.  
 So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,  
 You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

56

Sweet loue renew thy force, be it not said  
 Thy edge should blunter be then appetite,  
 Which but too daie by feeding is alaid,  
 To morrow sharpned in his former might,  
 So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill  
 Thy hungrie eies, euen till they winck with fulnesse,  
 Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill  
 The spirit of Loue, with a perpetual dulnesse:  
 Let this sad *Intrim* like the Ocean be  
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new,  
 Come daily to the banckes, that when they see:  
 Returne of loue, more blest may be the view.  
 As cal it Winter, which being ful of care,  
 Makes Sômers welcome, thrice more wish'd, more rare.

57

Being your slaue what should I doe but tend,  
 Vpon the houres, and times of your desire?  
 I haue no precious time at al to spend;  
 Nor seruices to doe til you require.  
 Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,  
 Whilst I (my soueraine) watch the clock for you,  
 Nor thinke the bitternesse of absence sowre,  
 VWhen you haue bid your seruant once adieue,  
 Nor dare I question with my ieaious thought,  
 VWhere you may be, or your affaires suppose,  
 But like a sad slaue stay and thinke of nought  
 Saue whete you are, how happy you make those.  
 So true a foole is loue, that in your Will,  
 (Though you doe any thing) he thinks no ill.

SONNETS.

58

58

**T**hat God forbid, that made me first your slaue,  
 I should in thought controule your times of pleasure,  
 Or at your hand th' account of houres to craue,  
 Being your vassail bound to staie your leisure.  
 Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)  
 Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie,  
 And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check,  
 Without accusing you of iniury.  
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong,  
 That you your selfe may priuiledge your time  
 To what you will, to you it doth belong,  
 Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime.  
 I am to waite though waiting so be hell,  
 Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

4

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59

59

**I**f their bee nothing new, but that which is,  
 Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,  
 Which laboring for inuention beare amisse  
 The second burthen of a former child?  
 Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,  
 Euen of fiue hundreth courses of the Sunne,  
 Show me your image in some antique booke,  
 Since minde at first in carrecter was done.  
 That I might see what the old world could say,  
 To this composed wonder of your frame,  
 Whether we are mended, or where better they,  
 Or whether reuolution be the same.  
 Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,  
 To subiects worse haue giuen admiring praise,

4

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60

60

**L**ike as the waues make towards the pibled shore,  
 So do our minuites hasten to their end,  
 Each changing place with that which goes before,  
 In sequent toile all forwards do contend.  
 Natiuity once in the maine of light,

4

E

Crawls

## SHAKE-SPEARES

Crawies to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
 Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,  
 And time that gaue, doth now his gift confound.  
 Time doth transfixe the flourish set on youth,  
 And delues the paralels in beauties brow,  
 Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,  
 And nothing stands but for his fieth to mow.

And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand  
 Praising thy worth, dispiight his cruell hand.

61

IS it thy wil; thy Image should keepe open  
 My heauy eielids to the weary night?  
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
 While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?  
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
 So farre from home into my deeds to pry,  
 To find out shames and idle houres in me,  
 The skope and tenure of thy Ielousie?  
 O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,  
 It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,  
 Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,  
 To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake.

For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
 From me farre of, with others all to neere,

62

SInne of selfe-loue possesseth al mine eie,  
 And all my soule, and al my euerie part;  
 And for this sinne there is no remedie,  
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
 Me thinkes no face so gracious is as mine,  
 No shape so true, no truth of such account,  
 And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,  
 As I all other in all worths surmount.  
 But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed  
 Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,  
 Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read

Selfe

SONNETS.

Selfe, so selfe louing were iniquity,  
 T'is thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,  
 Painting my age with beauty of thy daies,  
 63

70  
 71  
 63

**A**gainst my loue shall be as I am now  
 With times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,  
 When houres haue dreind his blood and filld his brow  
 With lines and wrinkles, when his youthfull morne  
 Hath trauaild on to Ages steepie night,  
 And all those beauties whercof now he's King  
 Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,  
 Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.  
 For such a time do I now fortifie  
 Against confounding Ages cruell knife,  
 That he shall neuer cut from memory  
 My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life.  
 His beautie shall in these blacke lines be scene,  
 And they shall liue, and he in them still greene.

1  
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 64

64  
**W**hen I haue scene by times fell hand defaced  
 The rich proud cost of outworne buried age,  
 When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased,  
 And brass eternall flauce to mortall rage,  
 When I haue scene the hungry Ocean gaine  
 Aduantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,  
 And the firme soile win of the watry maine,  
 Increasing store with losse, and losse with store,  
 When I haue scene such interchange of state,  
 Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,  
 Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminare  
 That Time will come and take my loue away.  
 This thought is as a death which cannot choose  
 But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loofe.

1  
 8  
 12  
 14  
 65

65  
**S**ince brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,  
 But sad mortality ore-swaies their power,

## SHAKE-SPEARES

How with this rage shall beaucie hold a plea,  
 Whose action is no stronger then a flower?  
 O how shall summers hunny breath hold our,  
 Against the wrackfull siedge of battring dayes,  
 When rocks impregnable are not so stoute,  
 Nor gates of steele so strong but time decayes?  
 O fearefull meditation, where alack,  
 Shall times best Iewell from times chest lie hid?  
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,  
 Or who his spoile or beaucie can forbid?  
 O none, vnlesse this miracle haue might,  
 That in black inck my loue may still shine bright.

66

**T**Yr'd with all these for restfull death I cry,  
 As to behold desert a begger borne,  
 And needie Norhing trimd in iollitic,  
 And purest faith vnappily forsworne,  
 And gilded honor shamefully misplast,  
 And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
 And strength by limping sway disabled,  
 And arte made tung-tide by authoritic,  
 And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill,  
 And simple-Truth miscalde SimPLICITIE,  
 And captiue-good attending Captaine ill.  
 Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
 Saue that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

67

**A**H wherefore with infection should he liue,  
 And with his presence grace impietic,  
 That sinne by him aduantage should archiue,  
 And lace it selfe with his societie?  
 Why should false painting immitate his cheeke,  
 And steale dead seeing of his liuing hew?  
 Why should poore beaucie indirectly seeke  
 Roses of shaddow, since his Rose is true?

Why

## SONNETS.

Why should he liue, now nature banckrout is,  
 Beggerd of blood to blush through liuely vaines,  
 For he hath no exchecker now but his,  
 And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?  
 O him she stores, to show what welth she had,  
 In daies long since, before these last so bad.

68

**T**Hus is his cheeke the map of daies out-worne,  
 When beauty liu'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,  
 Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,  
 Or durst inhabit on a liuing brow:  
 Before the goulden tresses of the dead,  
 The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,  
 To liue a sccond life on second head,  
 Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:  
 In him those holy antique howers are scene,  
 Without all ornament, it selfe and true,  
 Making no summer of an others greene,  
 Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,  
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
 To shew faulse Art what beauty was of yore.

69

**T**Hose parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,  
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:  
 All tounes (the voice of soules) giue thee that end,  
 Vttring bare truth, euen so as soes Commend.  
 Their outward thus with outward praise is crown'd,  
 But those same tounes that giue thee so thine owne,  
 In other accents doe this praise confound  
 By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.  
 They looke into the beauty of thy mind,  
 And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds,  
 Then churls their thoughts (although their eyes were kind)  
 To thy faire flower ad the rancke smell of weeds,  
 But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,  
 The solye is this, that thou doest common grow.

E 3

That

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68

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69

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## SHAKE-SPEARES

70

**T**hat thou are blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
 For slanders marke was euer yet the faire,  
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
 A Crow that flies in heauens sweetest ayre.  
 So thou be good, slander doth but approue,  
 Their worth the greater beeing woo'd of time,  
 For Canker vice the sweetest buds doth loue,  
 And thou present'st a pure vnstained prime.  
 Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,  
 Either not assayld, or victor beeing charg'd,  
 Yet this thy praise cannot be soe thy praise,  
 To tye vp enuy, euermore enlarged,  
 If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,  
 Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts shouldst owe.'

71

**N**oe Longer mourne for me when I am dead,  
 Then you shall heare the surly sullen bell  
 Giue warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world with vildest wormes to dwell:  
 Nay if you read this line, remember not,  
 The hand that writ it, for I loue you so,  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse,  
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poore name reherse;  
 But let your loue euen with my life decay.  
 Least the wise world should looke into your mone,  
 And mocke you with me after I am gon.

72

**O** Least the world should taske you to recite,  
 What merit liu'd in me that you should loue  
 After my death (deare loue) for get me quite,  
 For you in me can nothing worthy proue.  
 Vnlesse you would deuise some vertuous lye,



## SONNETS.

To doe more for me then mine owne desert,  
 And hang more praise vpon deceased I,  
 Then nigard truth would willingly impart:  
 O leaft your true loue may seeme falce in this,  
 That you for loue speake well of me vntrue,  
 My name be buried where my body is,  
 And liue no more to shame nor me,nor you.  
 For I am shamd by that which I bring forth,  
 And so should you,to loue things nothing worth.

73

**T**Hat time of yeeare thou maist in me behold,  
 When yellow leaues,or none,or few doe hange  
 Vpon those boughes which shake against the could,  
 Bare in wd quiets, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,  
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,  
 Which by and by blacke nighr doth take away.  
 Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,  
 As the death bed,whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nurrisht by.  
 This thou perceu'st, which makes thy loue more strong,  
 To loue that well, which thou must leaue ere long.

74

**B**Vt be contented when that fell areft,  
 With out all bayle shall carry me away,  
 My life hath in this lne some interest,  
 Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay.  
 When thou reuewest this, thou doest reuew,  
 The very part was consecrate to thee,  
 The earth can haue bur earth, which is his due,  
 My spirit is thine the better part of me,  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The pray of wormes, my body being dead,  
 The coward conquest of a wretches knife,

To

## SHAKE-SPEARE

To base of thee to be remembered,  
 The worth of that, is that which it contains,  
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

75

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
 Or as sweet season'd shewers are to the ground;  
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife,  
 As twixt a miser and his wealth is found.  
 Now proud as an inioyer, and anon  
 Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,  
 Now counting best to be with you alone,  
 Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure,  
 Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,  
 And by and by cleane starued for a looke,  
 Possessing or pursuing no delight  
 Saue what is had, or must from you be tooke.  
 Thus do I pine and surfet day by day,  
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

76

WHY is my verse so barren of new pride?  
 So far from variation or quicke change?  
 Why with the time do I not glance aside  
 To new found methods, and to compounds strange?  
 Why write I still all one, euer the same,  
 And keepe inuention in a noted weed,  
 That euery word doth almost sel my name,  
 Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?  
 O know sweet loue I alwaies write of you,  
 And you and loue are still my argument:  
 So all my best is dressing old words new,  
 Spending againe what is already spent:  
 For as the Sun is daily new and old,  
 So is my loue still telling what is told,

77

THY glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were,  
 Thy dyall how thy precious mynuits waste,

The

## SONNETS.

The vacant leaues thy mindes imprint will beare,  
 And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste,  
 The wrinckles which thy glasse will truly show,  
 Of mouthed graues will giue thee memorie,  
 Thou by thy dyals shady stealth maist know,  
 Times theeuissh progresse to eternitie.  
 Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,  
 Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde  
 Those children nurst, deliuerd from thy braine,  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.  
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke,  
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy booke.

78

4  
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78

SO oft haue I inuok'd thee for my Muse,  
 And found such faire assistance in my verse,  
 As euerie *Alien* pen hath got my vse,  
 And vnder thee their poesie disperse.  
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to sing,  
 And heauie ignorance aloft to flie,  
 Haue added tethers to the learneds wing,  
 And giuen grace a double Maieftie.  
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
 Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee,  
 In others workes thou doost but mend the stile,  
 And Arts with thy sweete graces graced be.  
 But thou art all my art, and doost aduance  
 As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

79

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79

WHilst I alone did call vpon thy ayde,  
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,  
 But now my graelous numbers are decayde,  
 And my sick Muse doth giue an other place.  
 I grant (sweet loue) thy louely argument  
 Deserues the trauaile of a worthier pen,  
 Yet what of thee thy Poet doth inuent,  
 He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe,

F

He

4  
8

## SHAKE-SPEARES

He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word,  
 From thy behaiour, beautie doth he giue  
 And found it in thy cheek: he can afford  
 No praise to thee, but what in thee doth liue.  
 Then thanke him not for that which he doth say,  
 Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay,

80

**O** How I faint when I of you do write,  
 Knowing a better spirit doth vse your name,  
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
 To make me toung-tide speaking of your fame.  
 But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)  
 The humble as the proudest faile doth beare,  
 My sawfie barke (inferior farre to his)  
 On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.  
 Your shallowest helpe will hold me vp a floate,  
 Whilst he vpon your soundlesse deepe doth ride,  
 Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote,  
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride.  
 Then If he thriue and I be cast away,  
 The worst was this, my loue was my decay.

81

**O**R I shall liue your Epitaph to make,  
 Or you suruiue when I in earth am rotten,  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
 Your name from hence immortall life shall haue,  
 Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye,  
 The earth can yeeld me but a common graue,  
 When you intombed in mens eyes shall lye,  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read,  
 And tongs to be, your being shall rehearse,  
 When all the breathers of this world are dead,  
 You still shall liue (such vertue hath my Pen)  
 Where breath most breaths, euen in the mouths of men.

I grant

## SONNETS.

82

**I** Grant thou wert not married to my Muse,  
 And therefore maiest without attain ore-looker  
 The dedicated words which writers vse  
 Of their faire subiect, blessing euery booke.  
 Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,  
 Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise,  
 And therefore art inforc'd to seeke anew,  
 Some fresher stampe of the time bettering dayes.  
 And do so loue, yet when they haue deuise,  
 What strained touches Rhetorick can lend,  
 Thou truly faire, wert truly simpathizde,  
 In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.  
 And their grosse painting might be better vs'd,  
 Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

83

**I** Neuer saw that you did painting need,  
 And therefore to your faire no painting set,  
 I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,  
 The barren tender of a Poets debt:  
 And therefore haue I slept in your report,  
 That you your selfe being extant well might show,  
 How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,  
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,  
 This silence for my sinne you did impure,  
 Which shall be most my glory being domb,  
 For I impaire not beautie being mute,  
 When others would giue life, and bring a tombe.  
 There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,  
 Then both your Poets can in praise deuise.

84

**W**ho is it that sayes most, which can say more,  
 Then this rich praise, that you alone, are you,  
 In whose confine immured is the store,  
 Which should example whete your equall grew,  
 Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,

F 2

That

82

4

8

12

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83

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14

4

## SHAKE-SPEARES

That to his subiect lends not some small glory,  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell,  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story.  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what nature made so cleere,  
 And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,  
 Making his stile admired euery where.  
 You to your beautilous blessings adde a curse,  
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

85

**M**Y toung-tide Muse in manners holds her still,  
 While comments of your praise richly compil'd,  
 Reserne their Character with goulden quill,  
 And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd,  
 I thinke good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes,  
 And like vnlettered clarke still crie Amen,  
 To euery Himne that able spirit affords,  
 In polisht for ne of well refined pen.  
 Hearing you praisd, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,  
 And to the most of praise adde some-thing more,  
 But that is in my thought, whose loue to you  
 (Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before,  
 Then others, for the breath of words respect,  
 Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect.

86

**VV**As it the proud full saile of his great verse,  
 Bound for the prize of (all-to-precious) you,  
 That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearce,  
 Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?  
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,  
 Aboue a mortall pitch, that struck me dead?  
 No, neither he, nor his compiers by night  
 Giuing him ayde, my verse astonished.  
 He nor that affable familiar ghost  
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
 As victors of my silence cannot boast,

I was

## SONNETS.

I was not sick of any feare from thence.

But when your countenance fild vp his line,

Then lackt I matter, that infebled mine.

87

**F**Arewell thou art too deare for my possessing,  
And like enough thou knowst thy estimate,  
The Character of thy worth giues thee releasing:  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,

And for that ritches where is my deseruing?

The cause of this faire guift in me is wanting,

And so my pattent back againe is sweruing.

Thy selfe thou gau'st, thy owne worth then not knowing,

Or mee to whom thou gau'st it, else mistaking,

So thy great guift vpon misprifion growing,  
Comes home againe, on better indgement making.

Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,

In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter.

88

**W**hen thou shalt be dispode to fet me light,

And place my merrit in the eie of skorne,

Vpon thy side, against my selfe ile fight,

And proue thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne:

With mine owne weakeneffe being best acquainted,

Vpon thy part I can set downe a story

Of faults conceald, wherein I am attainted:

That thou in loosing me, shall win much glory:

And I by this wil be a gainer too,

For bending all my louing thoughts on thee,

The iniuries thar to my selfe I doe,

Doing thee vantage, duple vantage me.

Such is my loue, to thee I so belong,

That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong.

89

**S**ay that thou didst forsake mee for some falt,

And I will comment vpon that offence,

F 3

The

12

14

87

4

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88

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8

12

14

89

## SHAKESPEARES

4 Speake of my lameness, and I straight will halt:  
 Against thy reasons making no defence.  
 Thou canst not (loue) disgrace me halfe so ill,  
 To ser a forme vpon desired change,  
 8 As ile my selfe disgrace, knowing thy wil,  
 I will acquaintance strangle and looke strange:  
 Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,  
 Thy sweet beloued name no more shall dwell,  
 12 Least I (too much prophane) should do it wronge:  
 And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.  
 For thee, against my selfe ile vow debate,  
 14 For I must nere loue him whom thou dost hate.

90

4 **T**hen hate me when thou wilt, if euer, now,  
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse,  
 Ioyne with the spight of fortune, make me bow,  
 And doe not drop in for an after losse:  
 Ah doe not, when my heart hath scapte this sorrow,  
 Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,  
 8 Giue not a windy night a rainie morrow,  
 To linger out a purposd ouer-throw.  
 If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me last,  
 When other pettie griefes haue done their spight,  
 But in the onset come, so shall I taste  
 12 At first the very worst of fortunes might,  
 And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,  
 14 Compar'd with losse of thee, will not seeme so.

91

4 **S**ome glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
 Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,  
 Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:  
 Some in their Hawkes and Hounds, some in their Horse,  
 And every humor hath his adiunct pleasure,  
 Wherein it findes a ioy about the rest,  
 But these perticulers are not my measure,  
 8 All these I better in one generall best.

Thy



## SONNETS.

Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me,  
 Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost,  
 Of more delight then Hawkes or Horses bee:  
 And hauing chee, of all mens pride I boast.

Wretched in this alone, that thou maist take,  
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

92

**B**Vt doe thy worst to steale thy selfe away,  
 For tearme of life thou art assured mine,  
 And life no longer then thy loue will stay,  
 For it depends vpon that loue of thine.  
 Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs,  
 When in the least of them my life hath end,  
 I see, a better state to me belongs  
 Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.  
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,  
 Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie,  
 Oh what a happy title do I finde,  
 Happy to haue thy loue, happy to die!

But whats so blessed faire that feares no blot,  
 Thou maist be false, and yet I know it not.

93

**S**O shall I liue, supposing thou art true,  
 Like a deceiued husband, so loues face,  
 May still seeme loue to me, though alter'd new:  
 Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.  
 For their can liue no hatred in thine eye,  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,  
 In manies lookes, the false hearts history  
 Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinkles strange.  
 But heauen in thy creation did decree,  
 That in thy face sweet loue should euer dwell,  
 What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,  
 Thy lookes should nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell.  
 How like *Eauers* apple doth thy beauty grow,  
 If thy sweet vertue answere not thy show.

## SHAKE-SPEARES

94

94

**T**hey that haue powre to hurt, and will doe none,  
 That doe not do the thing, they most do showe,  
 Who mouing others, are themselues as stone,  
 Vnmoued, could, and to temptation slow:  
 They rightly do inherit heauens graces,  
 And husband natures ritches from expence,  
 They are the Lords and owners of their faces,  
 Others, but stewards of their excellence:  
 The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,  
 Though to it selfe, it onely liue and die,  
 But if that flowre with base infection meete,  
 The basest weed out-braues his dignity:  
 For sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes,  
 Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

95

95

**H**ow sweet and louely dost thou make the shame,  
 Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,  
 Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?  
 Oh in what sweets doest thou thy sinnes inclose!  
 That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,  
 (Making lasciuious comments on thy sport)  
 Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,  
 Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.  
 Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,  
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
 Where beauties vaile doth couer euery blot,  
 And all things turnes to faire, that eies can see!  
 Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuledge,  
 The hardest knife ill vs'd doth loose his edge.

96

96

**S**ome say thy fault is youth, some wantonesse,  
 Some say thy grace is youth and gendle sport,  
 Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and lesse:  
 Thou makst faults graces, that to thee resort:  
 As on the finger of a throned Queene,

The

## SONNETS.

The basest Iewell wil be well esteem'd:  
 So are those errors that in thee are scene,  
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.  
 How many Lambs might the sterne Wolfe betray,  
 If like a Lambe he could his lookes translate,  
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
 If thou wouldst vse the strength of all thy state?  
 But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,  
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

8

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14

97

97  
**H**OW like a Winter hath my absence beene  
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare?  
 What freezings haue I felt, what darke daies scene?  
 What old Decembers barenesse euery where?  
 And yet this time remou'd was sommers time,  
 The teeming Autumne big with ritch increase,  
 Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,  
 Like widdowed wombes after their Lords decease:  
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,  
 But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,  
 For Sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,  
 And thou away, the very birds are mute,  
 Or if they sing, tis with so dull a cheere,  
 That leaues looke pale, dreading the Winters neere.

4

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98

98  
**F**ROM you haue I beene absent in the spring,  
 When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in euery thing:  
 That heauie *Satyrne* laught and leapt with him,  
 Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odor and in hew,  
 Could make me any summers story tell:  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:  
 Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,  
 Nor praise the deepe vermillion in the Rose,  
 They weare but sweet, but figures of delight:

4

8

G

Drawne

## SHAKE-SPEARES.

12 Drawne after you, you patterne of all those.  
 Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,  
 14 As with your shaddow I with these did play.

99

99  
 4 **T**He forward violet thus did I chide,  
 Sweet theeſe whence didſt thou ſteale thy ſweet that  
 If not from my loues breath, the purple pride, (ſmels  
 Which on thy ſoft cheek for complexion dwells?  
 In my loues veines thou haſt too groſely died;  
 The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,  
 8 And buds of marierom had ſtolne thy haire,  
 The Roſes fearefully on thornes did ſtand,  
 Our bluſhing ſhame, an other white diſpaire:  
 A third nor red, nor white, had ſtolne of both,  
 And to his robbry had annex thy breath,  
 12 But for his theft in pride of all his growth  
 A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.  
 14 More flowers I noted, yet I none could ſee,  
 But ſweet, or culler it had ſtolne from thee.

100

100  
 4 **V**Here art thou Muſe that thou forgetſt ſo long,  
 To ſpeake of that which giues thee all thy might?  
 Spendſt thou thy furie on ſome wortheſſe ſonge,  
 Darkning thy powre to lend baſe ſubiects light.  
 8 Returne forgetfull Muſe, and ſtraight redeeme,  
 In gentle numbers time ſo idely ſpent,  
 Sing to the care that doth thy laies eſteeme,  
 And giues thy pen both ſkill and argument.  
 Riſe reſty Muſe, my loues ſweet face ſuruay,  
 If time haue any wrinkle grauen there,  
 12 If any, be a *Satire* to decay,  
 And make times ſpoiles diſpiſed euery where.  
 14 Giue my loue ſame faſter then time waſts life,  
 So thou preuenſt his ſiech, and crooked knife,

101

**O**H truant Muſe what ſhalbe thy amends,

For

SONNETS.

For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?  
 Both truth and beauty on my loue depends:  
 So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:  
 Make answer Muse, wilt thou not haply saie,  
 Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,  
 Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:  
 But best is best, if neuer intermixt.  
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
 Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,  
 To make him much out-liue a gilded tombe:  
 And to be praist of ages yet to be.  
 Then do thy office Muse, I teach thee how,  
 To make him seeme long hence, as he showes now.

4  
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12  
14

102

102

MY loue is strengthned though more weake in see-  
 MI loue not lesse, though lesse the show appeare, (ming  
 That loue is marchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming,  
 The owners tongue doth publish euery where.  
 Our loue was new, and then but in the spring,  
 When I was wont to greet it with my laies,  
 As *Philomell* in summers front doth singe,  
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies:  
 Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now  
 Then when her mournfull himns did hush the night,  
 But that wild musick burthens euery bow,  
 And sweets growne common loose their deare delight.  
 Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue:  
 Because I would not dull you with my songe.

4  
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12  
14

103

103

A Lack what pouerty my Muse brings forth,  
 That hauing such a skope to show her pride,  
 The argument all bare is of more worth  
 Then when it hath my added praise beside.  
 Oh blame me not if I no more can write!  
 Looke in your glasse and there appears a face,  
 That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,  
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.

4  
8

G 2

Were

## SHAKE-SPEARES.

Were it not sinfull then struing to mend,  
 To marre the subiect that before was well,  
 For to no other passe my verses tend,  
 Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.  
 And more, much more then in my verse can fit,  
 Your owne glasse shoves you, when you looke in it.

104

**T**O me faire friend you neuer can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyde,  
 Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,  
 Haue from the Forrests shooke three Summers pride,  
 Three beautious springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,  
 In processe of the seasons haue I seene,  
 Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.  
 Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,  
 Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,  
 So your sweete hew, which me thinks still doth stan-  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.  
 For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,  
 Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

105

**L**Et not my loue be cal'd Idolatrie,  
 Nor my beloued as an Idoll show,  
 Since all alike my songs and praises be  
 To one, of one, still such, and euer so.  
 Kinde is my loue to day, to morrow kinde,  
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence,  
 Therefore my verse to constancie confin'de,  
 One thing expressing, leaues out difference.  
 Faire, kinde, and true, is all my argument,  
 Faire, kinde and true, varrying to other words,  
 And in this change is my inuention spent,  
 Three theams in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
 Faire, kinde, and true, haue often liu'd alone.  
 Which three till now, neuer kept seate in one.

When

## SONNETS.

106

106

**W**hen in the Chronicle of wasted time,  
 I see discriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beautie making beautifull old rime,  
 In praise of Ladies dead, and louely Knights,  
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,  
 Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique Pen would haue exprest  
 Euen such a beauty as you maister now.  
 So all their praises are but prophesies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring,  
 And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,  
 They had not still enough your worth to sing :  
 For we which now behold these present dayes,  
 Haue eyes to wonder, but lack tongs to praise.

4

8

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14

107

107

**N**ot mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule,  
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true loue controule,  
 Supposde as forfeit to a confin'd doome.  
 The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'de,  
 And the sad Augurs mock their owne presage,  
 Incertenties now crowne them-selues assur'de,  
 And peace proclaimes Oliues of endlesse age.  
 Now with the drops of this most balmie time,  
 My loue lookes fresh, and death to me subscribes,  
 Since spight of him Ile liue in this poore rime,  
 While he insults ore dull and speechlesse tribes.  
 And thou in this shalt finde thy monument,  
 When tyrants crests and tombs of brasse are spent.

4

8

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14

108

108

**W**hat's in the braine that Inck may character,  
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit,  
 What's new to speake, what now to register,  
 That may expresse my loue, or thy deare merit?  
 Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine,

4

G 3

I must

## SHAKESPEARES.

I must each day say ore the very same,  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine; I thine,  
 Euen as when first I hallowed thy faire name,  
 So that eternall loue in loues fresh case,  
 Waighes not the dust and iniury of age,  
 Nor giues to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquitie for aye his page,  
 Finding the first conceit of loue there bred,  
 Where time and outward forme would shew it dead,

109

**O** Neuer say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie,  
 As easie might I from my selfe depart,  
 As from my soule which in thy brest doth lye:  
 That is my home of loue, if I haue rang'd,  
 Like him that trauels I returne againe,  
 Iust to the time, not with the time chang'd,  
 So that my selfe bring water for my staine,  
 Neuer beleue though in my nature rain'd,  
 All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood,  
 That it could so preposteroullie be stain'd,  
 To leaue for nothing all thy summe of good:  
 For nothing this wide Vniuerse I call,  
 Saue thou my Rose, in it thou art my all.

110

**A** Las 'tis true, I haue gone here and there,  
 And made my selfe a motley to the view,  
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most deare,  
 Made old offences of affections new.  
 Most true it is, that I haue lookt on truth  
 Asconce and strangely: But by all aboute,  
 These blenches gaue my heart an other youth,  
 And worse essaies prou'd thee my best of loue,  
 Now all is done, haue what shall haue no end,  
 Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de  
 On newer prooffe, to trie an older friend,  
 A God in loue, to whom I am confin'd.

Then



## SONNETS.

Then giue me welcome, next my heauen the best,  
Euen to thy pure and most most louing brest.

14

111

For my sake doe you wish fortune chide,  
The guiltie goddesse of my harmfull deeds,  
That did not better for my life prouide,  
Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receiues a brand,  
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,  
Pitty me then, and wish I were renu'de,  
Whilst like a willing patient I will drinke,  
Potions of Eysell gainst my strong infection,  
No bitteresse that I will bitter thinke,  
Nor double pennance to correct correction.

4

8

12

Pittie me then deare friend, and I assure yee,  
Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

14

112

Your loue and pittie doth th'impression fill,  
Which vulgar scandall stampt vpon my brow,  
For what care I who calles me well or ill,  
So you ore-greene my bad, my good allow?  
You are my All the world, and I must striue,  
To know my shames and praises from your tounge,  
None else to me, nor I to none aliue,  
That my steel'd sence or changes right or wrong,  
In so profound *Abisme* I throw all care  
Of others voyces, that my Adders sence,  
To cryttick and to flatterer stopped are:  
Marke how with my neglect I doe dispence.

4

8

12

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
That all the world besides me thinks y'are dead.

14

113

Since I left you, mine eye is in my minde,  
And that which gouernes me to goe about,  
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,

Scenes

## SHAKE-SPEARS.

4 Seemes seeing, but effectually is out:  
 For it no forme deliuiers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,  
 Of his quick obiects hath the minde no part,  
 8 Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch:  
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet-fauor or deformedst creature,  
 The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night:  
 12 The Croe, or Doue, it shapes them to your feature.  
 Incapable of more repleat, with you,  
 14 My most true minde thus maketh mine vntrue.

114

114

OR whether doth my minde being crown'd with you  
 1 Drink v<sup>p</sup> the monarks plague this flattery?  
 Or whether shall I say mine eie faith true,  
 4 And that your loue-taught it this *Alcumie*?  
 To make of monsters, and things indigest,  
 Such cherubines as your sweet selfe resemble,  
 Creating euery bad a perfect best  
 8 As fast as obiects to his beames assemble:  
 Oh tis the first, tis flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great minde most kingly drinks it v<sup>p</sup>,  
 Mine eie well knowes what with his gust is greening,  
 12 And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.  
 If it be poison'd, tis the lesser sinne,  
 14 That mine eye loues it and doth first beginne.

115

115

THose lines that I before haue writ doe lie,  
 Euen those that said I could not loue you deerer,  
 Yet then my iudgement knew no reason why,  
 4 My most full flame should afterwards burne cleerer.  
 But reckening time, whose milliond accidents  
 Creep in twixt v<sup>o</sup>wes, and change decrees of Kings,  
 Tan sacred beautie, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
 8 Diuert strong mindes to th' course of altring things:  
 Alas why fearing of times tiranie,

Might

## SONNETS.

Might I not then say now I loue you best,  
 When I was certaine ore in-certainty,  
 Crowning the present, doubling of the rest:  
 Loue is a Babe, then might I not say so  
 To giue full growth to that which still doth grow.

115 6

**L**et me not to the marriage of true mindes  
 Admit impediments, loue is not loue  
 Which alters when it alteration findes,  
 Or bends with the remouer to remoue.  
 O no, it is an euer fixed marke  
 That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken;  
 It is the star to euery wandring barke,  
 Whose worths vnknowne, although his high be taken.  
 Lou's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickles compasse come,  
 Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,  
 But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:  
 If this be error and vpon me proued,  
 I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

117

**A**cuse me thus, that I haue scanted all,  
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,  
 Forgot vpon your dearest loue to call,  
 Whereto al bonds do tie me day by day,  
 That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,  
 And giuen to time your owne deare purchas'd right,  
 That I haue hoysted faile to al the windes  
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.  
 Booke both my wilfulnesse and errors downe,  
 And on iust prooffe surmise, accumulate,  
 Bring me within the leuel of your frowne,  
 But shoote not at me in your wakened hate:  
 Since my appeale saies I did striue to prooue  
 The constancy and virtue of your loue

H

118

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## SHAKE-SPEARES

118

118

**L**ike as to make our appetites more keene  
 With eager compounds we our pallat vрге,  
 As to preuent our malladies vnseene,  
 We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge,  
 Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,  
 To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding;  
 And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse,  
 To be diseaf'd ere that there was true needing.  
 Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate  
 The ills that were, not grew to faults assured,  
 And brought to medicine a healthfull state  
 Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.  
 But thence I learne and find the lesson true,  
 Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.

119

119

**W**hat potions haue I drunke of *Syren* teares  
 Distil'd from Lymbecks foule as hell within,  
 Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,  
 Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win?  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
 Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed neuer?  
 How haue mine eies out of their Spheares bene fitted  
 In the distraction of this madding feuer?  
 O benefit of ill, now I find true  
 That better is, by euil still made better.  
 And ruin'd loue when it is built anew  
 Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater.  
 So I returne rebukt to my content,  
 And gaine by ills thrise more then I haue spent.

120

120

**T**hat you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,  
 And for that sorrow, which I then didde feele,  
 Needes must I vnder my transgression bow,  
 Vnlesse my Nerues were brasse or hammered steele.  
 For if you were by my vnkindnesse shaken

As

## SONNETS.

As I by yours , y'haue past a hell of Time,  
 And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken  
 To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.  
 O that our night of wo might haue remembered  
 My deepest sence,how hard true sorrow hits,  
 And soone to you,as you to me then tendred  
 The humble salue,which wounded bosomes fits!  
 But that your trespasse now becomes a fee,  
 Mine ransoms yours,and yours must ransom mee,

121

**T**IS better to be vile then vile esteemed,  
 When not to be,receiues reproach of being,  
 And the iust pleasure lost,which is so deemed,  
 Not by our feeling,but by others seeing.  
 For why should others false adulterat eyes  
 Giue salutation to my sportiue blood?  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies;  
 Which in their wils count bad what I think good?  
 Noe, I am that I am,and they that leuell  
 At my abuses,reckon vp their owne,  
 I may be straight though they them-selues be beuel  
 By their rancke thoughtes,my deedes must not be shown  
 Vntesse this generall euill they maintaine,  
 All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

122.

**T**hy giuft,,thy tables,are within my braine  
 Full characterd with lasting memory,  
 Which shall about that idle rancke remaine  
 Beyond all date euen to eternity.  
 Or at the least,so long as braine and heart  
 Haue facultie by nature to subsist,  
 Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part  
 Of thee,thy record neuer can be mist  
 That poore retention could not so much hold,  
 Nor need I tallies thy deare loue to skore,  
 Therefore to giue them from me was I bold,

H 2

To

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122

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## SHAKE-SPEARES

To trust those tables that receave thee more,  
 To keepe an adiunctk to remember thee,  
 Were to import forgetfulnesse in mee.

123

**N**O! Time, thou shalt not boast that I doe change,  
 Thy pyramyds buylt vp with newer might  
 To me are nothing nouell, nothing strange,  
 They are but dressings of a former sight:  
 Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire,  
 What thou dost foyst vpon vs that is ould,  
 And rather make them borne to our desire,  
 Then thinke that we before haue heard them tould:  
 Thy registers and thee I both desie,  
 Not wondring at the present, nor the past,  
 For thy records, and what we see doth lye,  
 Made more or les by thy continuall hast:  
 This I doe vow and this shall euer be,  
 I will be true dispight thy syeth and thee.

124

**Y**F my deare loue were but the childe of state,  
 It might for fortunes basterd be vnfathered,  
 As subiect to times loue, or to times hate,  
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd,  
 No it was buylded far from accident,  
 It suffers not in smilinge pomp, nor falls  
 Vnder the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
 Whereto th' inuiting time our fashion calls:  
 It feares not policy that *Heriticke*,  
 Which workes on leases of short numbred howers,  
 But all alone stands hugely pollitick,  
 That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with showres.  
 To this I witnes call the foles of time,  
 Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime.

125

**V**VEs't ought to me I bore the canopy,  
 With my extern the outward honoring,

Or

## SONNETS.

Or layd great bafes for eternity,  
 Which proues more fhort then waft or ruining?  
 Haue I not feene dwellers on forme and fauor  
 Lofe all, and more by paying too much rent  
 For compound sweet; Forgoing fimple fauor,  
 Pittifull thriuors in their gazing fpent.  
 Noe, let me be obfequious in thy heart,  
 And take thou my oblation, poore but free,  
 Which is not mixt with feconds, knows no art,  
 But mutuall render onely me for thee.

Hence, thou fubbornd *Informer*, a trew foule  
 When moft impeacht, ftands leaft in thy controule.

126

**O** Thou my louely Boy who in thy power,  
 Doeft hould times fickle glaffe, his fickle, hower:  
 Who haft by wayning growne, and therein fhout,  
 Thy louers withering, as thy sweet felfe grow'ft.  
 If Nature (foueraine miferes ouer wrack)  
 As thou goeft onwards ftill will plucke thee backe,  
 She keeps thee to this purpofe, that her skill  
 May time difgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.  
 Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleasure,  
 She may detaine, but not ftill keepe her trefure!  
 Her *Audite* (though delayd) answer'd muft be,  
 And her *Quierus* is to render thee.

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127

**I**N the ould age blacke was not counted faire,  
 Or if it weare it bore not beauties name:  
 But now is blacke beauties fucceffiu heire,  
 And Beautie flanderd with a bastard shame,  
 For fince each hand hath put on Natures power,  
 Fairing the foule with Arts faulfe borrow'd face,  
 Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure,  
 But is prophand, if not liues in difgrace.

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Therefore

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Series II

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## SHAKE-SPEARE S

Therefore my Miferisse eyes are Rauen blacke,  
 Her eyes so fured, and they mourners seeme,  
 At such who not borne faire no beauty lack,  
 Slandring Creation with a false esteeme,  
 Yet so they mourne becomming of their woe,  
 That euery tounge saies beauty should looke so.

128

How oft when thou my musike musike playst,  
 Vpon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
 With thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayst,  
 The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,  
 Do I enuie those Iackes that nimble leape,  
 To kisse the tender inward of thy hand,  
 Whilst my poore lips which should that haruest reape,  
 At the woods bouldnes by thee blushing stand.  
 To be so tikled they would change their state,  
 And situation with those dancing chips,  
 Ore winome their fingers walke with gentle gate,  
 Making dead wood more blest then liuing lips,  
 Since sausie Iackes so happy are in this,  
 Giue them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse.

129

Th'expence of Spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action, and till action, lust  
 Is periurd, murderous, bloudy full of blame,  
 Sauage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to trust,  
 Inioyd no sooner but dispised straighr,  
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
 Past reason hated as a swallowed bayt,  
 On purpose layd to make the taker mad.  
 Made In pursut and in possession so,  
 Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame,  
 A blisse in prooffe and proud and very wo,  
 Before a ioy proposd behind a dreame,  
 All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,  
 To shun the heauen that leads men to this hell.

My



## SONNETS.

130

130

**M**Y Mistres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,  
 Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun:  
 If haire be wiers, black wiers grow on her head:  
 I haue seene Roses damaskt, red and white,  
 But no such Roses see I in her cheekes,  
 And in some perfumes is there more delight,  
 Then in the breath that from my Mistres reekes.  
 I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know,  
 That Musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound:  
 I graunt I neuer saw a goddesse goe,  
 My Mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground,  
 And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,  
 As any she belid with false compare.

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131

**T**Hou art as tiranous, so as thou art,  
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruell;  
 For well thou know'st to my deare dotting hart  
 Thou art the fairest and most precious Iewell.  
 Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,  
 Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone;  
 To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,  
 Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.  
 And to be sure that is not false I sweare  
 A thousand grones but thinking on thy face,  
 One on anothers necke do witnesse beare  
 Thy blacke is fairest in my iudgements place.  
 In nothing art thou blacke saue in thy deeds,  
 And thence this slaunder as I thinke proceeds.

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132

132

**T**Hine eies I loue, and they as pittying me,  
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,  
 Haue put on black, and louing mourners bec,  
 Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine,

4

And

## SHAKE-SPEARES

And truly not the morning Sun of Heauen  
 Better becomes the gray checks of th' East,  
 Nor that full Starre that vsfers in the Eauen  
 8 Doth halfe that glory to the sober West  
 As those two morning eyes become thy face:  
 O let it then as well beleeme thy heart  
 To mourne for me since mourning doth thee grace,  
 12 And sute thy pittie like in euery part.  
 Then will I sweare beauty her selfe is blacke,  
 14 And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

133

**B**eshrew that heart that makes my heart to groane  
 For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me;  
 I't not ynough to torture me alone,  
 4 But slaue to slauery my sweet'ft friend must be.  
 Me from my selfe thy cruell eye hath taken,  
 And my next selfe thou harder hast ingrossed,  
 Of him, my selfe, and thee I am forsaken,  
 8 A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed:  
 Prison my heart in thy steele bosomes warde,  
 But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,  
 Who ere keeps me, let my heart be his garde,  
 12 Thou canst not then vse rigor in my laile.  
 And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,  
 14 Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

134

**S**o now I haue confest that he is thine,  
 And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will,  
 My selfe Ile forfeit, so that other mine,  
 4 Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still:  
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
 For thou art couetous, and he is kinde,  
 He learnd but suretie-like to write for me,  
 8 Vnder that bond that him as fast doth binde.  
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
 Thou vsurer that put'ft forth all to vse,

And

## SONNETS.

And sue a friend, came debter for my sake,  
 So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse.  
 Him haue I lost, thou hast both him and me,  
 He paies the whole, and yet am I not free.

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135

135

**W**Ho euer hath her with, thou hast thy *Will*,  
 And *Will* too boote, and *Will* in ouer-plus,  
 More then enough am I that vexee thee still,  
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
 Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious,  
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,  
 Shall will in others seeme right gracious,  
 And in my will no faire acceptance shine:  
 The sea all water, yet receiues raine still,  
 And in abundance addeth to his store,  
 So thou beeing rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*,  
 One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.  
 Let no vnkinde, no faire beseechers kill,  
 Thinke all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

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136

136

**I**F thy soule check thee that I come so neere,  
 I Swear to thy blind soule that I was thy *Will*,  
 And will thy soule knowes is admitted there,  
 Thus farre for loue, my loue-fute sweet fulfill.  
*Will*, will fulfill the treasure of thy loue,  
 I fill it full with wils, and my will one,  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prooue,  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.  
 Then in the number let me passe vntold,  
 Though in thy stores account I one must be,  
 For nothing hold me so it please thee hold,  
 That nothing me, a some-thing sweet to thee.  
 Make but my name thy loue, and loue that still,  
 And then thou louest me for my name is *Will*.

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137

137

**T**Hou blinde foole loue, what doost thou to mine eyes,  
 I  
 That

## SHAKE-SPEARES

That they behold and see not what they see :  
 They know what beautie is, see where it lyes,  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be:  
 If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,  
 Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes,  
 Whereto the iudgement of my heart is tide?  
 Why should my heart thinke that a feuerall plot,  
 Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?  
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not  
 To put faire truth vpon so soule a face,  
 In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,  
 And to this false plague are they now transferred.

138

**W**hen my loue swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do belecue her though I know she lyes,  
 That she might thinke me some vntuterd youth,  
 Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties.  
 Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,  
 Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress't :  
 But wherefore saves she not she is vniust ?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old ?  
 O loues best habit is in seeming trust,  
 And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told,  
 Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

139

**O** Call not me to iustifie the wrong,  
 That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,  
 Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tounge,  
 Vse power with power, and slay me not by Art,  
 Tell me thou lou'st else-where; but in my sight,  
 Deare heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,  
 What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might  
 Is

## SONNETS.

Is more then my ore-prest defence can bide?  
 Let me excuse thee ah my loue well knowes,  
 Her prettie lookes haue beene mine enemies,  
 And therefore from my face she turnes my foes,  
 That they else-where might dart their iniuries :  
 Yet do not so, but since I am neere slaine,  
 Kill me out-right wih lookes, and rid my paine.

140

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140

**B**E wise as thou art cruell, do not presse  
 My tounge tide patience with too much disdain :  
 Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse,  
 The manner of my pittie wanting paine.  
 If I might teach thee witte better it weare,  
 Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me so,  
 As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere,  
 No newes but health from their Physitions know.  
 For if I should dispaire I should grow madde,  
 And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee,  
 Now this ill wresting world is growne so bad,  
 Madde slanderers by madde eares beleueed be.  
 That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde, (wide,  
 Beare thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe

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141

**I**N faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note,  
 But 'tis my heart that loues what they dispise,  
 Who in dispight of view is pleas'd to dore.  
 Nor are mine eares with thy tounge tune delighted,  
 Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be inuited  
 To any sensuall feast with thee alone :  
 But my fine wits, nor my fine senses can  
 Diswade one foolish heart from scruiing thee,  
 Who leaues vnswaid the likenesse of a man,  
 Thy proud hearts slaue and vassall wretch to be :  
 Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,  
 That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.

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I 2

Loue

## SHAKE-SPEARES

142

142

**L**oue is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,  
 Hate of my sinne, grounded on sinfull louing,  
 O but with mine, compare thou thine owne state,  
 And thou shalt finde it merrits not reproofing,  
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That haue prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,  
 And seald false bonds of loue as oft as mine,  
 Robd others beds reuenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'st those,  
 Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee,  
 Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,  
 Thy pittie may deserue to pittied bee.  
 If thou doost seeke to haue what thou doost hide,  
 By selfe example mai'st thou be denide.

143

143

**L**oe as a carefull hufwife runnes to catch,  
 One of her fethered creatures broake away,  
 Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch  
 In pursuit of the thing she would haue stay:  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,  
 Cries to catch her whose busie care is bent,  
 To follow that which flies before her face:  
 Not prizing her poore infants discontent;  
 So runst thou after that which flies from thee,  
 Whilst I thy babe chace thee a farre behind,  
 But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:  
 And play the mothers part kisse me, be kind.  
 So will I pray that thou maist haue thy *Will*,  
 If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

144

144

**T**wo loues I haue of comfort and dispaire,  
 Which like two spirits do sugiest me still,  
 The better angell is a man right faire:  
 The worser spirit a woman collour'd il.  
 To win me soone to hell my femall euill,

Tempteth

## SONNETS.

Tempteth my better angel from my sight,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a diuel:  
 Wooing his purity with her sowle pride.  
 And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,  
 Suspect I may yet not directly tell,  
 But being both from me both to each friend,  
 I gesse one angel in an others hel.  
 Yet this shal I nere know but liue in doubt,  
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

145

**T**Hose lips that Loues owne hand did make,  
 Breath'd forth the sound that said I hate,  
 To me that languisht for her sake:  
 But when she saw my wofull state,  
 Straight in her heart did mercie come,  
 Chiding that tongue that euer sweet,  
 Was vsde in giuing gentle dome:  
 And tought it thus a new to grette:  
 I hate she alterd with an end,  
 That follow'd it as gentle day,  
 Doth follow night who like a fiend  
 From heauen to hell is flowne away.  
 I hate, from hate away she threw,  
 And sau'd my life saying not you.

146

**P**Oore soule the center of my sinfull earth,  
 My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array,  
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth  
 Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?  
 Why so large cost hauing so short a lease,  
 Dost thou vpon thy fading mansion spend?  
 Shall wormes inheritors of this excesse,  
 Eat vpon thy charge? is this thy bodies end?  
 Then soule liue thou vpon thy seruants losse,  
 And let that pine to aggrauat thy store;  
 Buy tearmes diuine in selling houres of drosse:

13

Within

## SHARE-SPEAKES

Within be fed, without be rich no more,  
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
 And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

147

**M**Y loue is as a feauer longing still,  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,  
 Feeding on that which doth preserue the ill,  
 Th'vncertaine sicklie appetite to please:  
 My reason the Phisition to my loue,  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept  
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approue,  
 Desire is death, which Phisick did except.  
 Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,  
 And frantick madde with euer-more vnrest,  
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,  
 At randon from the truth vainely exprest.  
 For I haue sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,  
 Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

148

**O** Me! what eyes hath loue put in my head,  
 Which haue no correspondence with true sight,  
 Or if they haue, where is my iudgment fled,  
 That censures falsely what they see aright?  
 If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote,  
 What meanes the world to say it is not so?  
 If it be not, then loue doth well denote,  
 Loues eye is not so true as all mensmo,  
 How can it? O how can loues eye be true,  
 That is so vext with watching and with teares?  
 No maruaile then though I mistake my view,  
 The sunne it selfe sees not, cill heauen cleeres,  
 O cunning loue, with teares thou keepst me blinde,  
 Least eyes well seeing thy soule faults should finde.

149

**C**anst thou O cruell, say I loue thee not,  
 When I against my selfe with thee pertake:

Doe



## SONNETS.

Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot  
 Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake?  
 Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,  
 On whom frown'ft thou that I doe faune vpon,  
 Nay if thou lowr'ft on me doe I not spend  
 Reuenge vpon my selfe with present mone?  
 What merrit do I in my selfe respect,  
 That is so proude thy seruice to dispise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.

But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,  
 Those that can see thou lou'ft, and I am blind.

150

**O**H from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,  
 VVith insufficiency my heart to sway,  
 To make me giue the lie to my true sight,  
 And swere that brightnesse doth not grace the day?  
 Whence hast thou this becomming of things il,  
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds,  
 There is such strength and warrantie of skill,  
 That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds?  
 Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,  
 The more I heare and see iust cause of hate,  
 Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,  
 VVith others thou shouldst not abhor my state.

If thy vnworthinesse raisd loue in me,  
 More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

151

**L**oue is too young to know what conscience is,  
 Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of loue,  
 Then gende cheater vrge not my amisse,  
 Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe proue.  
 For thou betraying me, I doe betray  
 My nobler part to my grosse bodies treason,  
 My soule doth tell my body that he may,  
 Triumph in loue, flesh staies no farther reason,

But

## SHAKE-SPEARES

12  
14  
152

But ryng at thy name doth point out thee,  
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,  
He is contented thy poore drudge to be  
To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call,  
Her loue, for whose deare loue I rise and fall.

151

4  
8  
12

**I**N louing thee thou know'st I am forsworne,  
But thou art twice forsworne to me loue swearing,  
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,  
In vowing new hate after new loue bearing:  
But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,  
When I breake twenty: I am periur'd most,  
For all my voves are othes but to misuse thee:  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.  
For I haue sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse:  
Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie,  
And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blindnesse,  
Or made them swere against the thing they see.

14  
Series III

For I haue sworne thee faire: more periurde eye,  
To swere against the truth so foule a lie.

153

4  
8  
12

**C***Vpid* laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,  
A maide of *Dyans* this aduantage found,  
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly steepe  
In a coud vallis-fountain of that ground:  
Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,  
A datelesse liuely heat still to indure,  
And grew a seething bath which yet men proue,  
Against strang malladies a soueraigne cure:  
But at my mistres eie loues brand new fired,  
The boy for triall needes would touch my brest,  
I sick withall the helpe of bath desired,  
And thether hied a sad distemperd guest.

14

But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,  
Where *Cupid* got new fire; my mistres eye.

## SONNETS.

154

**T**He little Loue-God lying once a sleepe,  
 Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,  
 Whilst many Nymphes that you'd chaste life to keep,  
 Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,  
 The fayrest votary tooke vp that fire,  
 Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,  
 And so the Generall of hot desire,  
 Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd.  
 This brand she quenched in a coole Well by,  
 Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,  
 Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,  
 For men diseasd, but I my Mistrisse thrall,  
 Came there for cure and this by that I proue,  
 Loues fire heates water, water cooles not loue.

4

8

12

14

FINIS.

K

A

# A Louers complaint.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1 **F**rom off a hill whose concaue wombe reworded,  
 2 A plaintfull story from a fistring vale  
 3 My spirrits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,  
 4 And downe I laid to list the sad tun'd tale,  
 5 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale  
 6 Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,  
 7 Storming her world with sorrowes, wind and raine.

8 Vpon her head a plattid hiue of straw,  
 9 Which fortified her visage from the Sunne,  
 10 Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw  
 11 The carkas of a beauty spent and donne,  
 12 Time had not fished all that youth begun,  
 13 Nor youth all quit, but spight of heauens fell rage,  
 14 Some beauty pcept, through lettice of fear'd age.

15 Oft did she heaue her Napkin to her eyne,  
 16 Which on it had conceited charecters:  
 17 Laundering the filken figures in the brine,  
 18 That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares,  
 19 And often reading what contents it beares:  
 20 As often shriking vndistinguisht wo,  
 21 In clamours of all size both high and low.

22 Some-times her leueld eyes their carriage ride,  
 23 As they did battry to the spheres intend:  
 24 Sometime diuerred their poore balls are tide,  
 25 To th'orbed earth ; sometimes they do extend,  
 26 Their view right on, anon their gales lend,

To

## COMPLAINT

To every place at once and no where fixt,  
The mind and fight distractedly commixt.

28

Her haire nor loose nor ti'd in formall plat,  
Proclaimd in her a carelesse hand of pride;  
For some vntuck'd descended her sheu'd hat.  
Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beside,  
Some in her threedden filler still did bide,  
And trew to bondage would not breake from thence,  
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

29

33

35

A thousand fauours from a maund she drew,  
Of amber christall and of bedded let,  
Which one by one she in a riuer threw,  
Vpon whose weeping margent she was set,  
Like vsery applying wet to wet,  
Or Monarches hands that lets not bounny fall,  
Where want cries some; but where excesse begs all.

36

40

42

Offolded schedulls had she many a one,  
Which she perus'd, sighd, tore and gaue the flud,  
Crackt many a ring of Possied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud,  
Found yet no letters sadly pend in blood,  
With sleided silke, seate and affectedly  
Enswath'd and seald to curious secrecy.

43

47

49

These often bath'd she in her fluxiuie ctes.  
And often kist, and often gaue to teare,  
Cried O false blood thou register of lies,  
What vnapproued wimes doost thou beare!  
Inke would haue seem'd more blacke and damned heare!  
This said in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

50

54

56

A reuerend man that graz'd his cattell ny,

57

## A LOVERS

Sometime a blufferer that the ruffle knew  
 Of Courr of Cittie, and had let go by  
 The swiftest houres obserued as they flew,  
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew:  
 And priuiledg'd by age desires to know  
 In breefe the grounds and motiues of her wo.

So slides he downe vppon his greyned bat;  
 And comely distant sits he by her side,  
 When hee againe desires her, being satte,  
 Her greuance with his hearing to deuide:  
 If that from him there may be ought applied  
 Which may her suffering extasie aswage  
 Tis promist in the charitie of age.

Father she saies, though in mee you behold  
 The iniury of many a blasting houre;  
 Let it not tell your Iudgement I am old,  
 Not age, but sorrow, ouer me hath power;  
 I might as yet haue bene a spreading flower  
 Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applied  
 Loue to my selfe, and to no Loue beside.

But wo is mee, too early I attended  
 A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace;  
 O one by natures outwards so commended,  
 That maidens eyes stucke ouer all his face,  
 Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.  
 And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,  
 Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,  
 And euery light occasion of the wind  
 Vpon his lippes their silken parcels hurles,  
 Whats sweet to do, to do wil aptly find,  
 Each eye that saw him did inchaunt the minde:

For

## COMPLAINT

For on his visage was in little drawne,  
 What largeness thinks in paradife was sawne.

81

Smal shew of man was yet vpon his chinne,  
 His phenix downe began but to appeare  
 Like vnshorne veluet, on that termlesse skin  
 Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were.  
 Yet shewed his visage by that cost more deare,  
 And nice affections wauering stood in doubt  
 If best were as it was, or best without.

92

86

88

His qualities were beautious as his forme,  
 For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free;  
 Yet if men mou'd him, was he such a storme  
 As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,  
 When windes breath sweet, vnruely though they bee.  
 His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth,  
 Did liuery falsenesse in a pride of truth.

99

103

105

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say  
 That horse his mettell from his rider takes  
 Proud of subiection, noble by the swaie, (makes  
 What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he  
 And controuersie hence a question takes,  
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
 Or he his mannad'g, by'th wel doing Steed.

106

110

112

But quickly on this side the verdict went,  
 His reall habitude gaued life and grace  
 To appertainings and to ornament,  
 Accomplisht in him-selfe not in his case:  
 All ayds them-selues made fairer by their place,  
 Can for addicions, yet their purpos'd trimme  
 Peec'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

113

117

119

So on the tip of his subduing tongue

120

## A L O V E R S

All kinde of arguments and question deepe,  
 Al replication prompt, and reason strong  
 For his aduantage still did wake and sleep,  
 124 To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weepe  
 He had the dialect and different skil,  
 126 Catching al passions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general bofome raigne  
 Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,  
 To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine  
 In perfonal duty, following where he haunted,  
 131 Consent's bewicht, ere he desire haue granted,  
 And dialogu'd for him what he would say,  
 133 Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture gette  
 To serue their eies, and in it put their mind,  
 Like fooles that in th' imagination set  
 The goodly obieets which abroad they find  
 136 Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,  
 And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them,  
 140 Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many haue that neuer toucht his hand  
 Sweetly suppos'd them mistresse of his hearts  
 My wofull selfe that did in freedome stand,  
 And was my owne fee simple (not in part)  
 145 What with his art in youth and youth in art  
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
 147 Refer'd the stalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did  
 Demaund of him, nor being desired yeelded,  
 Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde,  
 With safest distance I mine honour sheelded,  
 152 Experience for me many bulwarkes builded



### COMPLAINY.

Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile  
Of this false lewell, and his amorous spoile.

154

But ah who euer shun'd by precedent,  
The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay,  
Or forc'd examples gainst her owne content  
To put the by-past perrils in her way?  
Counsaile may stop a while what will not stay:  
For when we rage, aduise is often scene  
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

158

159

161

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That wee must curbe it vpon others prooffe,  
To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good,  
For feare of harmes that preach in our behooffe;  
O appetite from iudgement stand aloofe!  
The one a pallate hath that needs will taste,  
Though reason weepe and cry it is thy last.

162

166

168

For further I could say this mans vntrue,  
And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling,  
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,  
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling,  
Knew vowes, wer e euer brokers to defiling,  
Thought Characters and words meetly but art,  
And bastards of his foule adulterat heart.

169

173

175

And long vpon these termes I held my Citty,  
Till thus hee gan besiege me : Gentle maid  
Haue of my suffering youth some feeling pitty  
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,  
Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said,  
For feasts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto  
Till now did nere inuite nor neuer voyv.

176

180

182

All my offences that abroad you see

188

## A L O V E R S

Are errors of the blood none of the mind:  
 Loue made them not, with acture they may be,  
 Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,  
 They fought their shame that so their shame did find,  
 And so much lesse of shame in me remains,  
 By how much of me their reproch contains,

Among the many that mine eyes haue scene,  
 Not one whose flame my hart so much as warmed,  
 Or my affection put to th, smallest teene,  
 Or any of my leisures euer Charmed,  
 Harne haue I done to them but nere was harmed,  
 Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,  
 And raignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies sent me,  
 Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood:  
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me  
 Of greefe and blushes, aptly vnderstood  
 In bloodlesse white, and the encrimson'd mood,  
 Effects of terror and deare modesty,  
 Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And Lo behold these tallents of their heir,  
 With twisted mettle amorously empleacht  
 I haue receau'd from many a seueral faire,  
 Their kind acceptance, wepingly beseecht,  
 With th'annexions of faire gems inricht,  
 And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie  
 Each stones deare Nature, worth and quality.

The Diamond? why twas beautifull and hard,  
 Whereto his inuif'd properties did tend,  
 The deepe greene Emerald in whose fresh regard,  
 Weake fights their sickly radience do amend,  
 The heauen hewd Saphir and the Opall blend

With

## COMPLAINT.

With objects manyfold ; each severall stone,  
With wit well blazond smil'd or made some mone.

217

Lo all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensiv'd and subdew'd desires the tender,  
Nature hath chargd me that I hoord them not,  
But yeeld them vp where I my selfe must render:  
That is to you my origin and ender :  
For these of force must your oblations be,  
Since I their Aulter, you en patrone me.

218

222

224

Oh then aduance (of yours) that phraeles hand,  
Whose white weiges downe the airy scale of praise,  
Take all these similies to your owne command,  
Hollowed with sighes that burning lunges did raise:  
What me your minister for you obaies  
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes  
Their distract parcells, in combined summes.

225

229

231

Lo this device was sent me from a Nun,  
Or Sister sanctified of holiest note,  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest hauings made the blossoms dote,  
For she was sought by spirits of ritcheest cote,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remoue,  
To spend her living in eternall loue.

232

236

238

But oh my sweet what labour ist to leaue,  
The thing we haue not, mastring what not striues,  
Playing the Place which did no forme receiue,  
Playing patient sports in vnconstraid giues,  
She that her same so to her selfe contriues,  
The scarres of battaile scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

239

243

245

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true,

246

L

The

## A LOVERS

217 The accident which brought me to her eie,  
 Vpon the moment did her force subdewe,  
 250 And now she would the caged cloister flie:  
 Religious loue put out religious eye:  
 252 Not to be tempted would she be enur'd,  
 And now to tempt all liberty procure.

253 How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,  
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,  
 Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well:  
 257 And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge:  
 I strong ore them and you ore me being strong,  
 259 Must for your victorie vs all congeft,  
 As compound loue to phisick your cold brest.

260 My parts had powre to charme a sacred Sunne,  
 Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,  
 Beleeu'd her cies, when they t' assaile begun,  
 264 All vowes and consecrations giuing place:  
 O most potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor space  
 266 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine  
 For thou art all and all things els are thine.

267 When thou impressst what are precepts worth  
 Of stale example? when thou wilt inflame,  
 How coldly those impediments stand forth  
 Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame, (shame  
 271 Loues armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst fence, gainst  
 And sweetens in the suffering pangues it beares,  
 273 The *Alloes* of all forces, shockes and feares.

274 Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend,  
 Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,  
 And supplicant their sighes to you extend  
 To leaue the battrie that you make gainst mine,  
 278 Lending soft audience, to my sweet designe,

And

## COMPLAINT.

And credent soule, to that strong bonded oth,  
That shall preserre and vndertake my troth.

280

This said, his watrie eies he did dismount,  
Whose fightes till then were leaueld on my face,  
Each cheeke a riuier running from a fount,  
With brynish currant downe-ward flowed a pace:  
Oh how the channell to the streame gaue grace!  
Who glaz'd with Christall gate the glowing Roses,  
That flame through water which their hew incloses,

281

285

287

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,  
In the small orb of one perticular teare?  
But with the invndation of the eies:  
What rocky heart to water will not weare?  
What brest so cold that is not warmed heare,  
Or cleft effect, cold modesty hot wrath:  
Both fire from hence, and chill extinture hath.

288

292

294

For loe his passion but an art of craft,  
Euen there resolu'd my reason into teares,  
There my white stole of chastity I cast,  
Shooke off my sober gardes, and ciuill feares,  
Appaere to him as he to me appeaers:  
All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore,  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

295

299

301

In him a plenitude of subtile matter,  
Applied to Cautills, all straining formes receiues,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or sounding palenesse: and he takes and leaues,  
In eithers aptnesse as it best deceiues:  
To blush at speeches ranck, to weepe at woes  
Or to turne white and sound at tragick showes.

302

306

308

That not a heart which in his leuell came,

309

## THE LOVERS

313 Could scape the haile of his all hurting ayme,  
 Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and raine :  
 315 And vaild in them did winne whom he would maime  
 Against the thing he sought, he would exclaime,  
 When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie,  
 He preacht pure maide, and praisd cold chastitie.

316 Thus meereley with the garment of a grace,  
 The naked and concealed feind he couerd,  
 That th'vnexperient gaued the tempter place,  
 Which like a Cherubin about them houerd,  
 319 Who young and simple would not be so louerd.  
 Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,  
 322 What I should doe againe for such a sake.

323 O that infected moysture of his eye,  
 O that false fire which in his cheeke so glowd:  
 O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,  
 O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestowed,  
 327 O all that borrowed motion seeming owed,  
 Would yer againe betray the fore-betrayed,  
 329 And new peruert a reconciled Maide.

## FINIS.











